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EDITORIAL

HEY, LOOK KENNEDY OVER

Judge Anthony Kennedy, the Supreme Court nominee *du jour*, is, according to Senator Joseph Biden, in the "conservative mainstream." *The New York Times* headlined him as a "Conservative Who Has an Open Mind." Both Republicans and Democrats predict that he will be "easily confirmed."

According to Audrey Feinberg, an attorney who testified before the Judiciary Committee on behalf of Supreme Court Watch, a project of The Nation Institute, Judge Kennedy's decisions in the civil rights and civil liberties area "raise serious concerns about his commitment to protecting constitutional rights, particularly his discrimination decisions, which reveal insensitivity to women and minorities."

Feinberg pointed out that Judge Kennedy had joined a dissent to a decision denying an airline the right to impose weight requirements on female flight attendants based on a presumed passenger preference for slender women. He joined in an opinion, since vacated by the Supreme Court at the request of the Solicitor General, upholding the firing of a homosexual from his Federal job because he was an activist for gay rights. He has rejected employees' claims of comparable worth, decided against Mexican-Americans who charged that their city's at-large council elections abridged their voting rights and denied judicial access to an organization that opposed racial discrimination in housing.

Where is it written that during a Republican President's last year in office, when the High Court is divided 4 to 4 on key civil rights and civil liberties issues, a Democratic Senate (elected in 1986) should grant a presumption in favor of confirming a nominee who, by common consent, will probably tip the balance to the conservative side? Is this the way to discharge the duty to advise and consent?

A SPEECH FOR HART

GAZA
Amos Kenan

SGT. BILKO IN TIBET
Calvin Trillin

HOMELESS MENTALLY ILL
Marjorie Hope
James Young

GLOBAL FUNNY MONEY
Howard M. Wachtel

HOLIDAY BOOK, MOVIE, RECORD LISTS
'Nation' Editors and Writers

JACKSON AND THE LEFT

IS JESSE THE GREAT WHITE HOPE?

ANDREW KOPKIND

As campaign flaps go this year, Jesse Jackson's twenty-four-hour misunderstanding with white social democrats last month should rate only an asterisk to a footnote in a scandal-ridden season. No questions of adultery, bastardy, plagiarism, homosexuality, misappropriation of funds, drug abuse or dirty tricks were raised. In fact, the fuss was so small that most of the media missed it, which is curious because it was a media-generated story. What happened, for the record, is that *New York Times* reporter Michael Oreskes wrote a story, buried deep in the bowels of the paper, that asserted that Jackson had asked the Democratic Socialists of America—identified by Oreskes as "the nation's leading Socialist organization"—to withhold its expected endorsement of his candidacy on the eve of D.S.A.'s national convention. Oreskes, a solid city-side reporter who had recently co-written an unsettling pop psychology profile of Jackson in the Sunday *New York Times Magazine*, never quoted Jackson about D.S.A. but made the most of a conversation with the campaign's new manager, Gerald Austin. "We want everybody's help, but we don't need everybody endorsing," Austin remarked via Oreskes.

Appended to the endorsement story ("Jackson to Shun Socialist Backing") was Oreskes's short list of Jackson's betrayals of the left: (1) Jackson recently refused to repeat a remark he had made at the United Nations last year comparing the movement against U.S. colonialism in Puerto Rico with the black struggle against apartheid in South Africa; (2) he did not promise immediate deflagging of Kuwaiti tankers

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EDITORIALS.

A New Hart Show

Last August we reported the results of a *Nation*/Gallup poll showing that if Gary Hart reentered the race for the Democratic presidential nomination he would lead his closest rival by an almost 2-to-1 margin [see Victor Navasky, "The Hart Poll," August 15/22, 1987]. At that time we wrote that Hart had missed an important opportunity to run a candid, yes, existential campaign. We said if he was prepared to confess all and run not expecting to win, he would be in a position to raise issues never before touched on in a presidential race. In a country where 40 percent of all married people are said to have confessed to infidelity, it did not surprise us that many Democrats did not regard Hart's interlude with Donna Rice as a disqualification for the presidency. Now that he is back in the race, he could still run that campaign, but to do so he would have to begin by speaking with utter honesty. To assist in such an effort, Andrew Kopkind has written a campaign speech for him:

My name is Gary Hartpence. I am 50 years old. Like many men and women of my generation, I am an adulterer. Like most of my younger supporters, I have smoked marijuana, listened to raunchy rock lyrics and partied like it was 1999. None of that is anybody's business but my own, and I do not apologize for it now. I do not consider my behavior sinful in any but a narrow theological or pointless legalistic sense, but I do believe that it raises real questions of morality that I have not yet honestly addressed. Now it is time for a change.

I have renewed my campaign for several reasons. In ascending order of importance they are:

(1) to qualify for $900,000 in Federal matching funds already due me as of last May (so that I may retire past debts);

(2) to relocate my place and purpose in a campaign I

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helped design and which still expresses an important part of my identity;

(3) to make a bona fide attempt to win the Democratic nomination and the general election eleven months from now;

(4) to rid electoral politics of the hypocrisy, mythomania and cynicism that were my own undoing and substitute a radically different system, based on the inextricable values of personal responsibility and political integrity, which is the legacy of my generation.

The history of my presidential campaign—from its roots in the antiwar movement of the 1960s until today—gives me a unique opportunity to transform politics in 1988. In every instance it is absolutely crucial to attack the outmoded myths that constrict and deform honest political expression, but at the same time I must be true to those values I would put in their place. I do not espouse them to win; winning is not the only thing. I urge them because they are true.

It is a myth that America's leaders must conform to some Norman Rockwell vision of wholesomeness, religiosity, manliness and familial devotion. It forces candidates—it forced me—to lie about our lives, our loves, our beliefs, our strengths and our weaknesses. It makes us schlep our spouses all around the country for the sake of appearances, against their wishes if not their wills. The ideal President is not, as one of my friends once said, a "white Bill Cosby." There is still time for Americans to learn to distinguish political reality from situation comedy.

The tyranny of TV imagery made me ashamed of my unwieldy name, my creeping middle age and my somewhat fissioned home life. It makes Ronald Reagan dye his hair, it makes George Bush pretend to machismo, it makes Michael Dukakis hire P.R. specialists to give him "vision." Truth is indivisible on the hustings as in the home; we cannot lie about ourselves and tell the truth about our politics.

My comrades in the great popular cause that fed the McCarthy and McGovern campaigns used to say that "the personal is political"; you will see that the idea will become a theme of my own campaign in the months to come. Now I must apply the point to my own behavior. I have suggested to you today that I do not consider love or sex outside marriage to be sinful. To take a historical example, I respect Franklin Roosevelt's long liaison with Lucy Page Mercer and Eleanor Roosevelt's similar association with Lorena Hickok, and I do not believe that those mythoclastic relationships diminished for a minute the greatness of their individual leadership. The struggle for personal liberation in the past two decades has given moral legitimacy to such behavior in private life, and only the old myths still drench public life with destructive hypocrisy.

But I cannot excuse my own relationship with Donna Rice as an exercise in sexual liberation. It was the very opposite of that: a good ol' boy, sexist power trip that cruelly made a bimbo of a young, vulnerable woman and betrayed the values of sexual equality, openness and commitment that I have honored in all the generational appeals I've made. My idea of a liberated society is not spring break in Fort Lauderdale or bedroom frolics in the Kennedy White House. I should have been different from that. My personal behavior had important political consequences, not in the way the pundits put it but in its implicit denial of the "new values" I have pledged to bring to politics.

From now on, I will raise at every opportunity the real moral issues of our time—not in the repressive manner of Pat Robertson or Tipper Gore but in consonance with the way people live and the problems they have. Morality cannot be considered without politics, and moral judgments have policy implications. We must look at ourselves as we are, not as a fundamentalist preacher wants us to be. Thus we must have legislation that accepts the fact that half of all marriages end in divorce, that women will work in increasing numbers, that domestic violence is the leading cause of injury to young adult women, that society has a responsibility to care for its children, that abortion is a matter of individual moral choice, that religion cannot be foisted on the secular community.

I will talk about our compromised and corrupt political process in terms that no candidate now dares to use. When we practiced "peace politics" twenty years ago we expressed as best we could the needs and demands of our base. Politics today is about the concessions we make to corporate contributors, to media barons, to the Israel lobby—all in the hope that they will pour in dollars and confer endorsements. We cannot be true to our principles and cater only to the rich and powerful elites. I said in New Hampshire on December 15, "Let the people decide." Our generation will recognize those words as the slogan of the radical student movement of the early 1960s. The allusion was deliberate, and I meant what I said.

Christmases Past

Buying his Christmas tree, a friend remembered visiting Cairo during the holiday of Korban Biram, which commemorates the commitment that Abraham, the "first Moslem," made to God by sacrificing a ram, after first offering his own son. It is a sacred and yet cheerful family holiday. Many streets are strung with colored lights. The children wear new clothes and flourish toy drums or ride a street fair merry-go-round rotated by a donkey. What particularly sparked his memory was the sight of paddle-tailed sheep tethered for sale all around Cairo, and city men in suits and fellaheen in galabias carrying these home on their shoulders, much as he would lug his balsam fir.

Christmas trees go back to medieval Germany, not as far as Abraham. But the smell of fir itself sets off reverberations in our friend that he claims predate even the Prophets. Especially when he has been living in the city for a while, sensuous recollections of the woods are thrown into the front of his mind—not only places where he has summered happily but murkier hints of whole eons spent on all fours.

In fact he wasn't really carrying this tree. He was walking gingerly, steering the butt of it with one hand, watching for

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traffic, while his wife and daughter shouldered the beast, because he was recuperating from a hernia operation, necessitated (his doctor said) because people now walk on two legs instead of four and our bodies haven't finished adjusting to the physics of this change.

But he remembered the joy of Cairo strung with lights, and the cymbals of the hawkers for the merry-go-round—then cutting his own fir or pine, other winters, out in the country, with his parents and grandparents, now dead, along. Hefting it home had much enhanced their sense of family pride.

In Egypt government agricultural experts complain that because people insist on carrying away the very best livestock for Korban Biram feasts, the quality of the nation's herds is depleted. Economy comes second during a holiday. Most of us don't calculate our bank balance with any nicety until January.

EDWARD HOAGLAND

Edward Hoagland's books include African Calliope *and* Seven Rivers West *(both Penguin).*

Violence in Gaza

The news from Israel/Palestine is grim. Dozens of Palestinians have been killed or wounded in shootings arising from a wave of protest that Israeli newspapers are calling a "civil revolt." No end was in sight as this issue went to press, and nobody seemed to be in a mood to talk—except with bullets or stones. Amos Kenan offers these observations on the developing conflict.

At Tel Aviv University, in the mathematics department, there are more Arab than Jewish students. In the general population, sixteen Jewish and seventeen Arab students per 1,000 go on to higher education. Professor Moshe Many, president of Tel Aviv University, said on television a year ago that education-wise, the Palestinians have become our Jews, and we Jews have become their Palestinians.

Why do Israeli Arabs fill the universities? Because they have no right to serve in the Israeli Defense Force. At the age of 21, when an average Israeli Jew, after three years in the army, becomes a student, his Arab counterpart, deprived of equality, assumes superiority, having already earned his B.A. While riots are today swamping the occupied territories, cities and refugee camps from Nablus to Gaza, this fact is the real and most authentic expression of the Israeli-Palestinian paradox.

The facts and scenes of recent riots are public knowledge. Youngsters and children throw stones and Molotov cocktails at Israeli cars and people. Jewish families have been burned to death. Jews were slain in the markets of Gaza and other Arab towns. Burning tires are a daily sight. Pocketknives have become the most efficient weapon of Palestinian resistance, or terrorism, depending on which side is talking. One of the most recent victims of a pocket knife was an Israeli reserve soldier, in his forties, a sworn peacenik and member of a peacenik kibbutz. Ironic. As was the slaughter in Larnaka, Cyprus, of an active member of Peace Now by Force 17, a guerrilla unit directed by Al Fatah.

Then came the Israeli reprisals. Soldiers shot and killed demonstrators, some of them schoolchildren, college students, women. Curfews, arrests, torture, deportation, suspects' houses blown up and so on. All those facts, sights, are fixtures in the media, and the media are the message.

The message is: violence.

Palestinian violence: Will it drive Israelis into the sea? Or will it force Israel to negotiate with the Palestine Liberation Organization on the subjects of legitimate rights, statehood—in the West Bank and Gaza—and peace? There is no clear, straightforward Palestinian answer and choice, no Palestinian consensus. The clause concerning the annihilation of Israel remains in the Palestinian covenant.

Israeli violence: Will it drive all the Palestinians into the desert? Or will it convince them, once and for all, that Israel, a Jewish state by definition, will occupy forever the entire territory of Palestine and so they had better give up any further struggle. As for statehood—let them declare the Kingdom of Jordan a Palestinian republic.

Nonviolence: It is supported by a tiny minority on each side.

Regarding the events in Gaza, Israelis speak in three official languages and use three kinds of semantics:

§ *Shamir language*, which says, No partition of Eretz Israel. We are there forever. No international conference. No withdrawal. Then there is *Shamir semantics*: It's only a tiny group of agitators. The Arabs are forced by terrorist intimidation and encouraged by Jewish defeatists, like Peres.

§ *Peres language*, which says, It's because of the political dead end imposed by Shamir. Let's go to an international conference and talk peace with the P.L.O. excluded. Meanwhile, let's not settle in the very heart of the Palestinian population. And *Peres-Rabin semantics*: Awaiting a political solution, we punish only the guilty. As for personal punishment, we are more decisive and effective than Shamir's people. We blew up more houses than they did, deported more agitators. All we want to do is maintain order and prevent riots, while waiting for a political opening.

§ *Military authorities language and semantics*: We shoot only when our lives are in danger. We are not political. We assure the security of Israel and the Israeli-ruled territories.

Psychological effects: Right-wingers demand the death penalty for murderers—Arab murderers. But what about the Israeli settler, a schoolteacher who shot to death an Arab schoolgirl? Or the Jewish underground members who murdered Arab students and maimed Arab mayors?

Will Israel become racist, meting out the death penalty only to Arab killers? A sad example was provided recently

HOLIDAY SCHEDULE

As is our practice at this time of year, we will skip an issue. Our normal weekly schedule resumes with the January 9 issue. Seasonal cheer to all.

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when a military court acquitted a soldier who shot and killed an Arab, saying he acted "automatically." The current round of violence was sparked when an Israeli Army truck struck and killed four Arabs near Gaza. Immediately, the rumor spread that this was intended as revenge for the earlier killing of a Jew in Gaza's main square. The rumor was believed, and brought immediate riot. A few months earlier, an Arab taxi driver had run over a few Israeli soldiers and was then shot to death. It was first claimed that the driver had acted intentionally. Further investigation proved this assumption wrong.

Nonviolence: Mubarak Awad, head of the Palestinian Center for the Study of Nonviolence in Jerusalem, is still threatened with deportation. Ironically, Israeli violence against Palestinian nonviolence has fomented more Palestinian violence. Nonviolence was never a very popular weapon among Palestinians, in spite of Awad's efforts. Now, it's even less so.

Conclusion? None. Things could be better only because they cannot be worse. Or can't they? It is not impossible that, as a result of despair and a dead end on both sides, a further war will wipe out the whole population of the region. The weapons for such a slaughter now exist. AMOS KENAN

Amos Kenan is an Israeli novelist and a columnist for Yediot Aharonot.

UNCIVIL LIBERTIES.

CALVIN TRILLIN

I'm still trying to absorb the news from Tibet that a couple of Chinese soldiers there tried to rip a Sergeant Bilko T-shirt off a British tourist because they mistook Bilko for the Dalai Lama. It may be too much for me.

Let's leave aside for a moment the possibility that the late Phil Silvers, the old Borscht Belt comic who played the conniving Sergeant Bilko in the 1950s sitcom, was what they call in the trade a Buddhist demigod look-alike. Let's leave aside the Chinese soldiers' assumption that the Tibetans, who have been told by the Chinese occupation force to forget about the Dalai Lama, would show their defiance not by chanting the Dalai Lama's name or by praying publicly for his return but by putting his face on a T-shirt, as if he were Sting or Oliver North. Before we get to any of that, you have to wonder why a British tourist was wearing a Sergeant Bilko T-shirt in the first place. When was the last time you saw a Sergeant Bilko T-shirt on the beach at Biloxi or Lake Okoboji?

At first I thought the offending shirt might be part of the European rage for whatever it is that Asian manufacturers think American teen-agers wear—those weird sweatshirts that have emblazoned on them things like "U.S.A. Basketball Team Person" or "Akron Club of Surfers." Maybe, I figured, some smoothies from Taiwan fobbed off a load of Phil Silvers T-shirts on the English with assurances that he's the latest heartthrob in the Hollywood brat pack.

Not so. According to one newspaper that reported the Tibetan shirt-snatching affair, *The Phil Silvers Show*, which ended its American network run in 1959, has been in late-night reruns on British television and Silvers has become a sort of posthumous cult figure throughout Great Britain. This brings up a phenomenon I had never considered: the staying power of sitcom reruns. These things have the half-life of strontium 90 or a plastic shampoo bottle; they last just short of forever. It occurred to me that this phenomenon is probably repeated all over the world. Sitcoms you forgot about a long time ago are running in countries you've barely heard of. For all we know, people in Rwanda are boring one another silly with jokes from *The Beverly Hillbillies*. Settlers on the Australian outback may think of the United States basically as the home of Ozzie Nelson.

So it's perfectly natural for a British subject to be wearing a Sergeant Bilko T-shirt. It's understandable that the Chinese soldiers don't know who Bilko is, because they're from, say, Nanking, where all you can get at 3 or 4 in the afternoon on the local channels is *Leave It to Beaver* and 1969 episodes of *The Newlywed Game*.

It's also understandable that the Chinese soldiers don't know precisely what the Dalai Lama looks like. He's banned in China, after all, so they've never seen a picture of him. If my experience in the Army is any guide, the only description they have of him was furnished by the sergeant who makes announcements at reveille formation every morning—a description that probably doesn't go beyond "there's this bald guy who looks dangerous."

To Chinese soldiers, apparently, all bald guys look alike. Once I realized that, I realized that Mayor Edward Koch, who made a good-will trip to China a few years ago, was lucky to complete his visit without getting tossed in the slammer by mistake. No wonder Dean Rusk wouldn't go to China. Could that be why Gorbachev has that little mark on his head—to distinguish himself from Phil Silvers?

Of course not. I'm getting confused. Being Phil Silvers is all right in Tibet; it's being the Dalai Lama that won't do. But does that mean that someone who walked into Phil Silvers's old neighborhood in Brooklyn wearing a Dalai Lama T-shirt would risk having it ripped off? Probably. They might also take his shoes, but that doesn't have anything to do with which sitcom reruns they're watching.

Which is a good point: Which sitcom reruns are they watching in Tibet? Could the Dalai Lama actually sneak back into his country and rally his people against the Chinese if he was willing to disguise himself as Desi Arnaz? I'm just trying to imagine the Dalai Lama doing a Cuban accent. It's not a combination that was meant to be. None of this was meant to be. Somehow I've accepted the fact of Tibet being occupied by the Chinese, but I have trouble accepting the prospect of Tibet being invaded by *The Brady Bunch*. I don't think I can absorb any of this. Ever.

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BELTWAY BANDITS.

DAVID CORN
JEFFERSON MORLEY

■ The Next Hearings: Contras and Drugs

In February, Congress will finally address directly and publicly allegations of *contra* drug running. The Senate Subcommittee on Terrorism, Narcotics and International Communications, chaired by John Kerry, plans to hold six hearings on drug smuggling, according to Jack Blum, the subcommittee's special counsel. He noted that the upcoming hearings will go beyond reviewing charges against the *contras* already in the public record. "We are hoping to surprise some people," remarked Blum, who has helped to do so in the past. From 1972 to 1976 he served as an investigator for the Senate Subcommittee on Multinational Corporations. Its inquiry revealed that I.T.T. tried to influence the 1972 elections in Chile and that Lockheed was bribing foreign officials.

■ Paul Nitze, Dove

The disarray of the right in postsummit Washington is exemplified in what may be the final chapter of Paul Nitze's career. Nitze, now 80, was one of the architects of the cold war in the 1950s; he even argued that the United States should consider using tactical nuclear weapons. Yet as the Reagan Administration's arms control negotiator, he stands accused by his former admirers of being soft on the Soviet Union.

According to indignant reports in *The Washington Times*, Nitze is willing to bargain away the Strategic Defense Initiative. It seems he has consulted with scientists who are critical of S.D.I., one of whom described Nitze as—gasp!—"the most flexible member of the Administration" on the issue. Supporters of Star Wars in the Pentagon and on Capitol Hill are now trying to thwart Nitze. The right believes, not unjustifiably, that Nitze may be quietly preparing a grand compromise, i.e., trading some limitations on S.D.I. for deep cuts in U.S. and Soviet long-range missiles. The fact that Nitze can contemplate such a deal and so many right-wingers cannot is further evidence that the right no longer has a unified ideology of the cold war.

■ On the Dole

Common Cause has set its sights on presidential hopeful Robert Dole. In early December the organization's president, Fred Wertheimer, assailed the Senate minority leader for engineering a successful three-month Republican filibuster against S.2, the campaign-finance reform measure that would have capped campaign spending and political action committee contributions. On September 15, after seven failed attempts to break the filibuster, the Senate majority leader, Robert Byrd, pulled the bill from the Senate agenda. At that time fifty-five senators backed the measure, but sixty are needed to end a filibuster.

On January 6, when the bill was introduced, Dole said on the Senate floor, "I do not believe there will be any effort to stall any such legislation." He then led the stall. In May, Dole explained his opposition to the bill: "I am opposed to the public financing provision of S.2, which would result in the American taxpayer subsidizing Senate election contests and deny him the opportunity to support candidates of his personal choosing." Yet, according to Common Cause, as of November 9, Dole had requested $2.3 million in public matching funds—taxpayer subsidies—for his own presidential bid.

Dole has sought some cover by introducing his own campaign-finance reform bill, which he claims will limit PAC gifts. Common Cause, however, reports that if the Dole measure had been in effect during the 1986 Senate campaign, Dole's total PAC contributions of more than $1 million would have been reduced by a measly $52,800. Under S.2 his draw would have been cut by $835,128. Common Cause's attack on Dole may not become a campaign issue, but at least the group is assuming a task the Democrats have thus far declined: to make Republicans bear a political cost for deep-sixing S.2.

■ North to El Salvador: 'Fill 'er Up'

The involvement of the Salvadoran government in Lieut. Col. Oliver North's *contra* resupply operation was barely touched by the Iran/*contra* committees. Their final report noted only that the North network operated out of an unnamed military base in an unnamed country with the cooperation of an unnamed commander. That base is Ilopango Air Force Base in El Salvador; the commander, Gen. Juan Rafael Bustillo. The Congressional Arms Control and Foreign Policy Caucus is a bit bolder [see Christopher Hitchens, "Minority Report," December 19]. Its recently released report detailing misuses of U.S. aid to El Salvador offers evidence that aid was diverted to North's outfit.

"Staff interviews in San Salvador strongly suggest that aviation fuel given to El Salvador under the [U.S.] military aid program was illegally sold to the contra supply network when its planes refueled at the main propeller fuel tanks at Ilopango," the report states. One U.S. official in San Salvador told caucus investigators that the only tank for that purpose at Ilopango was filled in September and October 1986 with fuel purchased with U.S. aid. During that period the *contra* supply network bought fuel at Ilopango.

The sale of that fuel to the North gang would have violated the Boland amendment, which prohibited military assistance to the *contras*, and the Arms Export Control Act, which bars the transfer of U.S. military aid. The caucus concludes that top U.S. military personnel in El Salvador must have known of this diversion.

In a November 25 letter Senator Tom Harkin asked Secretary of State George Shultz to investigate the role of U.S. personnel in approving the illegal use of fuel for the *contras*. In his letter Harkin notes that the State Department has failed to respond to the caucus's request for information regarding shipment of the fuel to El Salvador. The State Department has been tight-lipped on this matter before, having refused similar requests from two House committees. A spokesman said that the department would have no comment on "a private piece of correspondence."

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BEAT THE DEVIL.

Miranda's Tempest

On December 15 leaders of the House of Representatives, who only days earlier had said that there was no way the *contras* would get any more of the taxpayers' money, confided that some measure of aid to the *contras* was inevitable. They did not, naturally, admit at the same time that such aid is entirely incompatible with the Guatemala, or "Arias," accords signed by the Central American nations on August 7 and supposedly supported by the Reagan Administration.

Their change of stance must plainly be ascribed to the Administration's propaganda coup concerning the Nicaraguan defector Roger Miranda Bengoechea, formerly an assistant to Nicaraguan Defense Minister Humberto Ortega. Those big headlines of December 13 and 14 about "secret" Nicaraguan plans for a "massive" buildup have had their effect on the gossamer resolve of Congress.

So what do Miranda's statements chiefly amount to? He declares that:

§ Nicaragua has made a long-term agreement with the Soviet Union for the provision of weapons and military aid, envisioning an eventual reduction of the standing army and an expanded popular militia;

§ the Sandinistas have a secret plan to use the Guatemala accords as a "weapon" to consolidate the revolution and eliminate the *contras*;

§ Nicaragua has contingency plans to expand the war to neighboring countries in the event of a U.S. invasion;

§ the war has been a drain on the Nicaraguan economy;

§ the *contras* are essentially a peasant force and have made no headway in the urban centers;

§ the Nicaraguan Defense Ministry keeps a secret Swiss bank account for Humberto Ortega's personal use;

§ there are no more than twelve Soviet military advisers and fewer than 500 Cuban military advisers in Nicaragua;

§ the Nicaraguans were training a fifteen-man group of Salvadoran guerrillas in the use of antiaircraft weapons.

The first thing to be said about Miranda's statements is that if they had been made under similar circumstances in the Soviet Union, the United States would have undoubtedly described them as part of a "propaganda offensive by the Soviet government, using the state-controlled press." Miranda was made available to a select group of reporters under carefully controlled conditions in which the chosen outlets—*The New York Times*, *The Washington Post*, *Time* and the Associated Press—agreed to a schedule of disclosure, finally pre-empted by one day by *The Post*.

This news management is reminiscent of a similar exercise engineered by Oliver North and the Office of Public Diplomacy on the night of the U.S. elections on November 6, 1984. On that occasion the nation's TV screens glowed with disclosures, which subsequently turned out to be false, that a freighter carrying "advanced Soviet MIG fighters" was nearing a Nicaraguan port and that the Reagan Administration would regard the importation of such MIGs as an unacceptable escalation by Nicaragua.

Was there anything new in what Miranda said?

Since 1980 Humberto Ortega has been calling for a firm Soviet commitment to provide substantial weaponry, including MIG fighters, but the Russians have been deaf to most of his pleas. The adjectival adornment attached by U.S. government agencies and the press to Soviet weapons normally varies between "advanced" and "sophisticated." Miranda speaks of MIG-21s, the same aircraft in question in 1984, described by *The Post* as "advanced," though they were first introduced in the 1950s. Even as the press invoked the whiskered MIG-21 threat, the United States sent the first two of fourteen F5E fighters to Honduras, arousing no commotion about the destabilizing effect of these mid-1970s planes on the military balance of the region.

The thunderous verbal artillery of "massive buildup" elides the point, made by Daniel Ortega, that the prospective force of 600,000 concerns a people under arms on the Swiss model, and not a standing army, which would be inconceivable in a population of 3 million. It would have been more accurate for the Miranda stories to have been headlined "Defector Reveals Sandinistas' Plan to Reduce Regular Forces."

The newspapers attached something sinister to Nicaraguan hopes that the accords could be turned to advantage in eliminating the *contras* and strengthening the revolution, though ending insurgencies is what the accords are all about. That Nicaragua has contingency plans in the event of invasion distinguishes it from no other power in the world, excepting the fact that Nicaragua has actually been under attack from the mercenaries of the United States since 1981, during which time the economy has been grievously afflicted, as is evident to anyone upon arriving in Managua.

As for the Swiss bank account, according to David MacMichael of the Council on Hemispheric Affairs, the Defense Ministry does maintain such an account for the purchase of non-Soviet military equipment, which makes perfect sense given the intense U.S. pressure on European governments to deny Nicaragua arms. In any case, the U.S. contrivance of lies about imputed Sandinista complicity in drug smuggling, exposed in the Barry Seal affair and repeated by Miranda, should make one wary of any allegations of corruption.

Miranda's truly sensational disclosure is that Administration estimates of Cuban and Soviet military advisers in Nicaragua have been grotesquely exaggerated. He flatly contradicts one of Reagan's favorite rationales for the need to counter a Soviet/Cuban "beachhead." Equally important, Miranda confirms that Nicaragua has consistently refused to supply Salvadoran rebels with surface-to-air missiles.

The most extraordinary aspect of the Administration's propaganda offensive is the obedience of the U.S. press in sticking to the government agenda and ignoring what the United States is actually doing in Nicaragua. The Guatemala accords assert that a prerequisite for peace in Central America is the termination of any form of aid "to irregular forces or insurgent movements" on the part of "regional or extraregional governments." Such aid is illegal under international law and treaty, as affirmed in June 1986 by the World Court, which condemned the United States for its ac-

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tions against Nicaragua. On November 12 of this year the U.N. General Assembly called for "full and immediate compliance" with the World Court's decision, a call opposed only by the United States and Israel, and unreported in the U.S. press.

In the three months after the accords were signed, so President Daniel Ortega reported to the Organization of American States, the C.I.A. directed 140 supply flights into Nicaragua. These were occurring as U.S. politicians and journalists were declaring that it was time to close the books on the Iran/*contra* scandal, which largely concerned illegal supply of the *contras*. *Contra* leader Adolfo Calero said Ortega's estimates were too low. In *The New York Times* for November 12, Neil Lewis tactfully altered Ortega's and Calero's reference to the supplies, terming them "surveillance flights," though the A.P. and *The Boston Globe* got it right. Just under two months earlier, on September 14, the *Los Angeles Times* reported that the C.I.A.'s flights had doubled. On October 5 the same paper informed its readers that "Western military analysts say that the contras have been stashing tons of newly airdropped weapons lately while trying to avoid heavy combat" and attacking such "soft targets" as the La Patriota farm co-op (an old woman and her 1-year-old grandson dead in predawn shelling) or villages in Rio San Juan department (six children and six adults dead). Further to display its contempt for the Guatemala accords the United States launched Operation Blazing Trail, maneuvers as big as any held in recent years in Honduran territory.

These daily breaches of law and the spirit of the accords, and the evident resolve of the C.I.A. to provision the *contras* with the means for long-term internal sabotage and destruction, has passed entirely without censure in the mainstream U.S. press. The shameful story is described at length by Noam Chomsky in the forthcoming premier issue of *Z*, the left monthly put out by South End Press which will be reaching subscribers and bookstores at the start of January. (Interested people should write to *Z*, 150 West Canton Street, Boston, MA 02118; $24/one year, $38/two years.)

Blazing Saddles

Kind friends drew my attention a little while ago to a special issue of *Dissent* devoted to New York City, containing an article by Alfred Kazin in which he calls me a "Jew hater." Indeed, he alludes to an encounter that suggests to *Dissent* readers that he interrogated me mercilessly on my views. I can recall only one such occasion, many years ago, on which he invited me for a drink and we enjoyed a courteous and reposeful exchange. No matter. Let Kazin the diarist live with his private reveries of courage and confrontation. What did surprise me about the special issue, aside from the hurtful libel, was that *Dissent* listed someone named Jim Sleeper as its special editor. Now, Sleeper occasionally sends me copies of his own correspondence, most recently a letter to Victor Navasky, belaboring Big Vic for printing an article by Jack Newfield about Mayor Koch. Navasky, suggested Sleeper, should have known better than to publish the extrusions of Newfield's own political agenda.

I was therefore somewhat surprised to receive the following communication from this keeper of the conscience:

> Dear Alex,
>
> Here is a note of apology that is long overdue. I just want to say in simple human terms that I'm sorry for what Alfred Kazin wrote.
>
> As Chris Hitchens may have told you, it wasn't my call. What I did do was vigorously oppose including the piece in the special issue. The protest got lost in higher considerations of diplomacy involving the fact that Irving Howe, having invited Kazin to contribute—and this being Kazin's first essay ever to appear in Dissent—decided not to try to edit him. Though Irving violently disagrees with much that you write, he now feels that not editing Kazin was a mistake, and I say this not to carry any water for him but simply to give you whatever small satisfaction you may find in knowing it.
>
> It was very stupid of us all. I'm sorry.
>
> Sincerely,
> Jim Sleeper

Wonderful, no? One would think, reading this tranquil confession of regret, that *Dissent* had questioned the reliability of my syntax, instead of printing one of the foulest insults in the lexicon of human abuse.

While I was bemusedly rereading Sleeper's note, a copy of *The New Republic* was thrust in front of me, containing an attack on my book *Corruptions of Empire* so protracted (across five pages) that I thought I had established some sort of record. But Edward Said can probably still claim preeminence with a six-page assault in 1979 on his *Orientalism*, though attacks on Noam Chomsky have had the same sort of manic distention. The instrument—useful idiot, as conservatives would say—of *New Republic* owner Martin Peretz's longstanding displeasure with me was in this case Henry Fairlie, a bibulous British derelict and self-styled Tory who refined his craft as a hack for hire in an earlier spell working for the notably vile press tycoon Lord Beaverbrook. He is in every sense Peretz's creature, since he has actually been living at *The New Republic* offices, sustaining himself, so long-suffering staff members assert, off the sale of review copies and handouts from Peretz, whose patronage of the indigent Fairlie displays evidence of humanity otherwise invisible in the man. The dispassionate tone of the review was set in the first two paragraphs, which I happened to read on the sixth anniversary of my father's death and which claimed without the slightest foundation in fact that he had sent deliberately false dispatches to *The Times* of London while serving as its U.S. correspondent in the late 1920s. From there it gathered in momentum in its reproaches of me for arrogant aversion to any profound understanding of the American character. For such understanding we should perhaps turn to Fairlie's own sensitive analysis in 1980 of the Reagan voter: "narrow minded, book banning, truth censoring, mean spirited; ungenerous, envious, intolerant, afraid; chicken, bullying; trivially moral, falsely patriotic; family cheapening, flag cheapening, God cheapening; the common man, shallow, small, sanctimonious."

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ARTICLES.

NO ROOM AT THE INSTITUTION

Who Cares for The Mentally Ill?

MARJORIE HOPE AND JAMES YOUNG

New York City Mayor Edward Koch's plan to hospitalize, against their will, some of the city's homeless who are seriously mentally ill has generated a bewildering battle among lawyers, bureaucrats and assorted professionals. When Joyce Brown, the first street dweller to be involuntarily hospitalized, brought suit against the city, a state court granted her release request; the next day, an appellate court delayed it. Psychiatrists hired by the American Civil Liberties Union pitted their opinions against those of psychiatrists appearing for the city, while state and local officials accused each other of reneging on responsibility for the homeless mentally ill.

Most authorities contend that only a minority of the severely mentally ill need prolonged institutional care. But focusing on the right of mentally ill persons to live on the streets deflects attention from the basic issues. What of their right to comprehensive mental health services? To decent housing? Why is it that so many so-called street people are unwilling to do something as instinctive as come in from the cold? Psychologist Mel Roman observes, "The city's psychiatric wards are miserably overcrowded. Adding twenty-eight beds, as Koch has done, is no solution. Many shelters are dangerous and dehumanizing. More important, if these people had been given adequate mental health services and living supports in the first place, most would not be out on the streets. We need a preventive approach."

Since colonial days the states have assumed fiscal responsibility for the mentally ill. In the 1960s, however, Federal aid enabled discharged patients to live in the community, and Medicaid began to cover some mentally ill people who could be cared for in nursing homes. States welcomed Federal funds but not the dilution of their power. Another new source of Federal funding and power was the 1963 Community Mental Health Centers Act, which President John Kennedy signed with great fanfare. This "bold new approach" was motivated by the same sense of national purpose as the Federal stand on civil rights—the belief that Washington had to set certain standards to protect citizens in the less enlightened states.

In 1955 state mental hospitals held 558,922 long-term patients; in 1984, approximately 114,000. The movement toward deinstitutionalization was spurred by the development of behavior-altering drugs; by court decisions upholding the rights of patients, including the right to refuse institutionalization unless there is a clear danger to self and others; and by the growing philosophy that most patients should be treated in the least restrictive setting, preferably their own communities.

However, state hospital administrators and employee unions had a vested interest in the status quo. Today there are nearly sixteen times as many mental patients in outpatient facilities as in state hospitals, yet roughly 70 percent of public funds allocated for mental health goes to the hospitals. Deinstitutionalization fosters short-term acute treatment, which is more costly than custodial care, but the fact remains—as James Stockdill, a division director at the National Institute of Mental Health (N.I.M.H.) points out— that few states have transferred state hospital savings to the communities.

The flip side of deinstitutionalization is the emergence of highly restrictive policies of admission to state facilities. Today thousands of mentally ill street people in New York City and elsewhere have never been in a state hospital. Some live outside of institutions because most states forbid involuntary commitment unless the person poses a clear danger to self or others. On the other hand, advocates of outpatient treatment report many cases in which patients, frightened by their inner turmoil, have clearly wanted admission but were denied it. The Central Ohio Psychiatric Hospital, for example, refuses patients not accompanied by an involuntary admission form, as well as those with an alcohol, drug or serious physical problem.

The Community Mental Health Centers have turned out to be anything but comprehensive. There were originally supposed to be 2,000 of them; today they number approximately 870. Because C.M.H.C. planners failed to stipulate requisite rehabilitative services or living arrangements, those remain state and local options. In line with two articles of American faith—local responsibility and reliance on the private sector—the Federal government provided only seed money. As the grants wound down, the centers were expected to become self-sustaining through fees, private insurance, Medicare, Medicaid, Title 20 (the social services block grant) and state and local funds. In 1981 the Reagan Administration lumped funding of all alcohol, drug and mental health programs into one block grant and cut the package by 25 percent. It also slashed Title 20 funds by 30 percent and the Federal portion of Medicaid by 10 percent.

Preparing for the phase-out of seed money, administrators at "public" mental health centers began to scrounge for private support in the form of fees and insurance payments. As one therapist put it, "Our staff meetings began to focus on reaching more clients who could verbalize their problems—and who could pay." Another therapist said that at her center, staff members are instructed to ask their paying or insured clients to come two or three times a week, even though they may not need more than one weekly visit. Therapists who object are told, Go with the system or lose your job. "You have to make their pockets jingle," she said.

N.I.M.H. is prodding states to do more work with the severely mentally ill, but it estimates that today only 20 to

Marjorie Hope and James Young are the authors of The Faces of Homelessness *(Lexington Books/D.C. Heath).*

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30 percent of C.M.H.C. clients nationwide have had inpatient care at a mental hospital. Theoretically, no one in need of treatment is turned away, but "hard to treat" or uninsured clients may be told that there is, say, a three-month wait for an appointment. Sliding-scale fees may correspond to the center's criteria of "ability to pay," but to low-income clients that may represent an intolerable burden anyway. In addition, the severely mentally ill who require psychiatric treatment are likely to receive little more than medication and perhaps twice-weekly activities. Eventually, many drop out.

Meeting survival needs is fully as important as treatment. Although many states have begun pushing their local mental health boards to fund supportive housing supervised by C.M.H.C.s, according to E. Fuller Torrey and Sidney Wolfe, in a report issued by the Public Citizen Health Research Group, only 15 percent of the severely mentally ill live in group homes (which must have a trained staff) or foster homes. Moreover, they depend on the good will of the neighborhood and on the generosity of local voters. The U.S. Department of Housing and Urban Development typically confines itself to setting up a few model programs in the hopes of inspiring localities.

Nursing facilities, which house another 15 percent of the severely mentally ill, rarely offer the array of special services needed. In many rural areas the mentally ill end up in county homes for indigents, but only if they have lived in the county for a year. Many others dwell alone, in hospitals, on the streets, in jail or in shelters—the asylums of the 1980s.

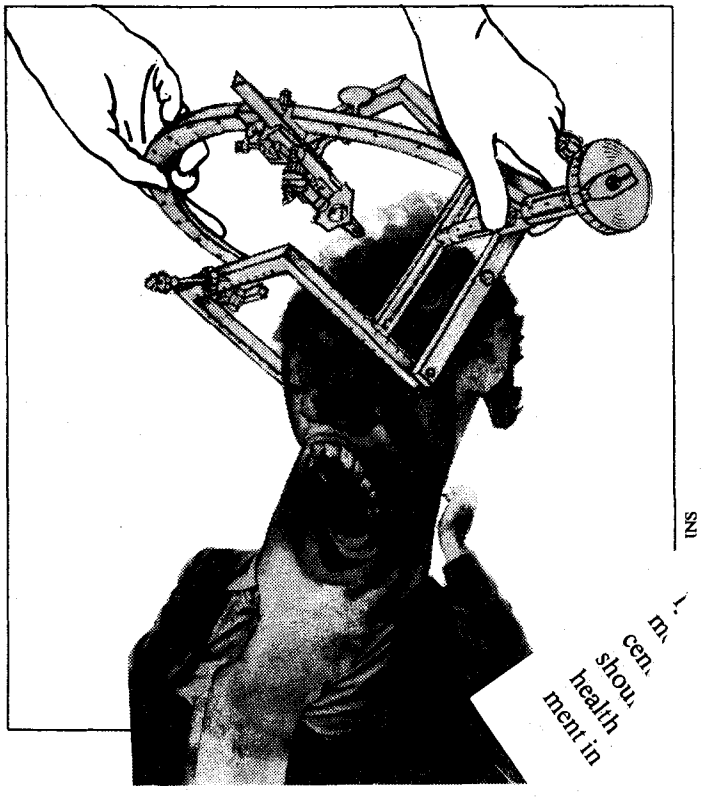
The presence of so many mentally disabled people on the streets is another index of the fragmentation of services. Dennis Conkin, who does street work with the Tenderloin Self-Help Center in San Francisco, and Tony Hannigan, who helped set up Columbia University's Homeless Project, a drop-in center for people shut out of the treatment system because they are "difficult," agree that traditional outpatient services cater to clients with emotional rather than behavioral disorders—those who won't refuse medication, tell workers off or reject the treatment goals. "Ironically," says Hannigan, "ten or twenty years ago the kind of people we work with were living in S.R.O.s [single-room occupancy hotels], and most were managing to survive."

As for Medicaid, its very structure fosters fragmentation and inequity. Unlike Medicare, Medicaid is tied to the welfare system; it is for the poor alone and is a Federal-state partnership in which states have enormous discretion, hence the power to control the poor. To obtain Federal cost-sharing, states only need to cover all persons receiving Aid to Families with Dependent Children and most of those receiving Supplemental Security Income, a program designed for the indigent aged, the blind and disabled. While states may extend coverage to the "medically needy," only one state, Hawaii, covers more than 90 percent of the poor; South Dakota covers 23 percent. Federal regulations also permit requiring copayment and classify only nine services as mandatory; thirty-two are merely optional.

The mental health system, then, is a crazy quilt of conflicting regulations and responsibilities. Medicaid will not pay for room and board in foster homes, halfway houses or group homes, although it may cover admission to hospitals or nursing homes. In most states it pays for the services of freestanding clinics, but only if deemed medically necessary; typically this includes group therapy but not encounter groups. "Day treatment" programs may be covered but not those labeled "socialization," although the dividing line can be very fine indeed. State discretion is so broad that some states limit mental health clinic visits to eighteen per calendar year, some impose special rate limits and only a few cover treatment for drug and alcohol abuse.

In most places no agency at the state or local level takes responsibility for planning and implementing a system to assure that the mental health and community-support needs of the mentally ill will be met or for monitoring the quality of institutional and community support programs. Nor does the N.I.M.H. assume leadership. An inordinate proportion of overhead is wasted on what one administrator calls "funding gamesmanship." In sum, the system is not comprehensive, equitable, cost-efficient or preventive.

What directions should mental health care take in the future? One choice is to hobble down the same path, making incremental changes (for example, along the lines recommended by the American Psychiatric Association's Task Force on the Homeless Mentally Ill, which fails to point out the political and administrative changes necessary to achieve an equitable system). Many states and local mental health boards now fund group homes. The Mental Health Planning Act authorizes expenditures of $10 million to encourage states to institute plans for community-based services with special attention to the long-term mentally ill. Integrated programs that meet psychiatric, social, medical, housing and employment needs within one structure do exist,



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although most rely heavily on private and foundation contributions. The Robert Wood Johnson Foundation of Princeton, New Jersey, has set up excellent models in nine cities. For more than a decade Wisconsin has provided a range of treatment services and a wide-ranging community support network. While advocates hope that this model will inspire other states and communities, it seems not to have.

Another choice would be to privatize mental health still further. The United States seems to be moving quickly in this direction. Already the clear trend is to steer the indigent to public hospitals and privately insured patients to others. Only eighteen states and jurisdictions now fail to mandate that health insurance companies offer some kind of mental health coverage. However, the policy buyer decides whether to accept that option, and only 5 percent of the policies will pay for mental health outpatient services on the same basis as other conditions.

A third way to effect change would be to introduce a comprehensive national health care system that incorporates mental health. Such integration is common both in countries like France and Canada, which follow the universal health insurance model, and in those like Britain and Italy, which offer a national health service. Ironically, under Britain's "socialist" system, doctors enjoy more freedom than their American counterparts. In this country, many doctors feel like employees of the insurance companies.

Can we afford universal health care? The reality is that our privatized approach is the most expensive in the world. A *New England Journal of Medicine* study, based on 1983 figures, estimates that under national health insurance like Canada's the United States could save $29.2 million a year; under a national health service like Britain's, $38.2 million. Resistance to change would be fierce. But perhaps the real question is, Can we afford not to have it?

Ideally, the concrete shape of a unified mental health system would emerge out of informed national debate. Whatever its final shape, an expanded N.I.M.H. should assume leadership. It would appraise the needs of the mentally ill, set a national budget and guidelines, coordinate the various levels of service and monitor standards. At the same time many decisions could be left to the states and localities. Consumers and other citizens should also have a voice. With adequate planning, our heritage of pluralism can be preserved to some degree within a framework assuring greater equity, access to service and accountability.

Under such a system, C.M.H.C.s, secure in their status and funding, could employ more staff trained to work with the severely mentally ill, children and the elderly. They could emphasize prevention far more than they now do.

Low-income, chronically mentally ill patients will need comprehensive service, including a spectrum of treatment programs and housing alternatives. This will require a greatly expanded Federal role in coordinating the housing and mental health systems. Beyond that, affordable housing, decent jobs and some basic minimum of economic security should be available to all. In the final analysis, sane mental health policy rests on social policies that create an environment in which people can flourish. □

CURRENCY WITHOUT A COUNTRY

The Global Funny Money Game

HOWARD M. WACHTEL

The October stock market crash was a symptom of the global economic changes unleashed by the free-market fantasies of Ronald Reagan, Margaret Thatcher and Helmut Kohl. The world's economic environment has been transformed by a powerful wave of globalization, privatization and deregulation of capital. Now, as the roaring eighties come to a close, we must come to terms with the fact that we live in an integrated private global economy, knitted together by unregulated financial and commercial establishments using the new information and communications technologies. While government and public policy remain confined to national boundaries, the new supranational economic order recognizes no geographic borders for its financial and commercial activities. Money is moved with the press of a button on a computer console and bounced off communications satellites, leapfrogging national borders. As a result, there is a tension between the bounded public policies of nation-states and the unbounded economic imperatives of supranational enterprises.

Presidents Jimmy Carter and François Mitterrand can testify to the difficulties of implementing liberal Keynesianism when confronted with the power of the new supranational economic order. Both came to power at a time when stagnation in the productive core of the economy had begun to foster increasing financial speculation. Stagnation was reflected in rising unemployment rates, which averaged less than 2 percent in France in the 1950s, reached 4 percent in 1975 and were 6 percent by the end of the decade. When Carter took office the unemployment rate had similarly risen, to more than 8 percent, in the United States. Financial speculation—the flip side of the coin—took off after 1973, when the industrial democracies deregulated international money. Wealth-holders looking for speculative financial outlets in a stagnant manufacturing economy seized on the availability of new sources of international money and techniques of moving it.

Starting in 1975, the movement of money replaced the production of commodities at the commanding heights of the American economy, creating a new breed of money mandarins operating in a financial rather than production culture. Today an estimated 50 percent of the chief executive officers of large American corporations have backgrounds in law or finance, compared with 13 percent in 1950. Only

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3 percent of the 1981 graduating class of the Harvard Business School took jobs in production. Epitomizing the new breed was James Roderick, who, upon ascending to the chair of United States Steel in 1979, said, "The duty of management is to make money. Our primary objective is not to make steel." True to his words, in 1986 Roderick abandoned the proud turn-of-the-century name for his company and changed it to USX, the company's identification on Wall Street's stock ticker.

Conservative governments, smitten by the ideology of the free market, translated nineteenth-century ideas into late twentieth-century public policies of privatization and deregulation. The Thatcher and Reagan governments encouraged the financial speculation that was eroding the manufacturing core by deregulating financial markets, and in the United States tax rates on short-term capital gains were lowered. Debts piled upon debts and leveraged buy-outs pyramided into thin margins until it became hard to distinguish legitimate corporate debt from a so-called junk bond. It was only a matter of time before this structure imploded.

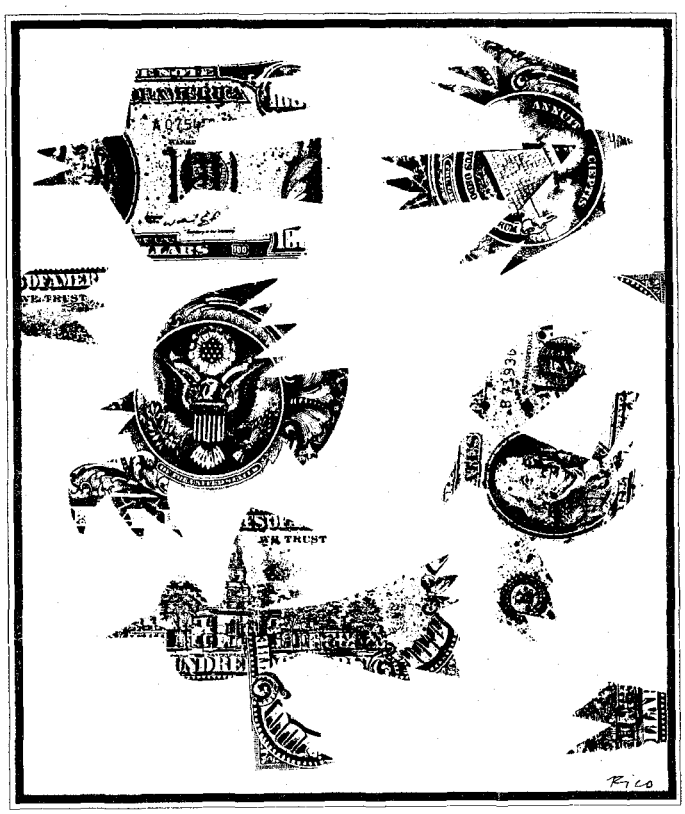
If there was anyone who doubted that the new global economy had arrived, he or she should have been disabused of doubts by the October stock market plunge. A global financial Olympics was played against a twenty-four-hour game clock. Every time zone on earth had its moment on the money movers' computer screens, as transactions followed the sun around the globe. For the first time in history, events in Lower Manhattan had immediate consequences in Tokyo, Sidney, Hong Kong, London and Frankfurt.

The origins of this new global economy can be traced back to 1973, when the major industrial governments, led by the United States, abandoned the postwar Bretton Woods system. Created in July 1944, the Bretton Woods system had placed governments squarely in the center of regulating international money, principally through the mechanism of stabilizing currency exchange rates within very narrow and publicized ranges—a fluctuation of no more than 1 percent above or below the official rate.

A fall in a country's currency exchange rate, for example, can occur as a result of the following sequence of events: If the sum total of all moneys leaving a country exceeds the sums coming in, a balance-of-payments problem arises. This can trigger a drop in the value of that country's money in the international economy, because the demand for the country's money in the world does not keep pace with its supply. When this happened under Bretton Woods and the market exchange rate diverged from the official rates specified in the agreement, several steps could be taken to correct it: Central bank intervention could increase demand for the currency in trouble; or devaluation of the currency could change the official rate of exchange to bring it into line with the market rate. If the country whose currency was too abundant in the world could not correct its imbalances by these means, then it would be forced to buy back some of its currency by transferring gold in exchange.

The United States, which had about 75 percent of the world's gold supply after the war (around $23 billion), underwrote this arrangement, and the dollar became the pre-eminent currency in the world economy—literally as good as gold. For a quarter-century, the Bretton Woods system contributed to robust economic growth in the industrial democracies in large part because of the predictability associated with the fixed exchange rate system. The foundations of the system began to weaken in the 1960s. The problem began with massive capital flows out of the United States to the war-devastated economies of Western Europe as a result of Marshall Plan aid and foreign investment by new multinationally oriented American corporations. This led to the re-emergence of the Europeans as trading rivals, which resulted in an increase in imports from the Continent. As a result, more dollars were leaving the United States than were coming in. Washington could not indefinitely provide the gold backing needed to support the dollar and the system. When Richard Nixon was elected President in 1968, U.S. gold stocks were about half what they had been in 1950 and were approaching the important psychological barrier of $10 billion. That barrier was breached in August 1971, and Nixon unilaterally took the United States off the gold standard and opened a new chapter in international finance.

In 1973 the governments of the industrial world commenced their first experiment with deregulated currency markets. Henceforth, currencies around the world were free to find their own rates of exchange on a day to day, hour to hour basis. Because there were no longer any official exchange rate targets, gold no longer played an official role in world monetary arrangements. With governments removed from direct international financial management, the money center banks—such as Citibank, Chase Manhattan and about two dozen other large banks around the world—with



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their institutional infrastructure already in place, accelerated the development of their own nascent private monetary system. This system was organized around Eurodollars, a name that originally meant dollar deposits in bank branches in Europe but now simply refers to dollars that circulate outside the United States, which are used for world trade and do not come under the regulatory authority of the American government.

American banks are required to set aside 20 cents as a reserve for every dollar deposited with them inside the United States. Eurodollar accounts, however, are not subject to such reserve set-asides. The full dollar can be lent out, raising the theoretical possibility of unlimited dollar creation. The total value of Eurodollars in circulation has grown at a rate of about 25 percent a year since the mid-1970s, compared with a growth of real trade of only 4 percent annually. By comparison, the total number of U.S. dollars has grown only 10 percent a year. Starting from a base of about $50 billion in 1973, the "stateless" Eurodollar system today is approaching $2 trillion, almost as large as the domestic monetary system of the United States, which comes under Federal Reserve and Treasury regulatory authority. It is as if we have been transported back to an earlier century, when private bank money operated around and in spite of government.

This expatriate currency mushroomed as a result of enormous dollar surpluses earned on oil sales by Opec countries between 1974 and 1981: about $375 billion more than they spent in the rest of the world. The money was placed in large-denomination certificates of deposit in the money center banks, which held the deposits in offshore banking sanctuaries such as the Cayman Islands in order to provide protection for the Opec depositors against seizure, avoid U.S. government regulation and escape American taxation. But this was only a bookkeeping fiction. In reality, the funds became part of the vast expansion of the Eurodollar system.

Having received these deposits, the money center banks then sought borrowers who could be charged enough interest to enable the banks to earn a profit. The banks first moved Eurodollars into Third World countries, saddling them with a $1 trillion debt burden by the end of 1986, compared to less than $100 billion in 1973. Instead of supporting new productive investment, however, a large portion of this debt went into luxury consumption. Over $200 billion disappeared through capital flight from the Third World back to the industrial countries. When lending to Third World countries turned sour, in 1982, after Mexico and other large Latin American borrowers effectively defaulted on loan servicing, Eurodollars were shifted into funding the U.S. budget deficit, into mergers and acquisitions, and finally into the U.S. stock market. Very little of this huge flow of funds—more than $2 trillion—went into investments that expanded production. This contributed to the twin problems of global economic stagnation and excessive financial speculation.

By the end of the 1970s, privatized money that was operating in a deregulated international environment through money center banks began to take advantage of the enhanced sophistication of computer and information technologies to globalize the world's financial system. The convergence of these three trends—deregulation, privatization and globalization—with the ideology of free markets advocated by Milton Friedman underwrote the neoconservative counterreformation of Thatcher, Reagan and Kohl.

This stateless reserve of capital exerts a transnational effect on national economic policies, seeking the lowest common regulatory denominator as it travels around the globe in search of the best rate of return. In the new supranational economic order, public policy is traded across borders, augmenting traditional competition in services and commodities. The globalized financial system allows the money center banks to make end runs around governments and then leverage their influence to promote the same deregulated and privatized environment within nation-states that they have been able to create for themselves supranationally. Since October 1981, for example, in response to pressure from Citicorp, Chase Manhattan and other money center banks, the Federal Reserve has permitted banking "enterprise zones" in the United States, moving offshore banking onshore and reproducing the unregulated and untaxed financial sanctuary of the Cayman Islands in cities like New York and Washington. Within twenty-one months of their inauguration, these International Banking Facilities had nearly $200 billion in Eurodollar deposits.

It is not coincidental that the first financial futures market began in foreign exchange in 1972, transforming futures markets from specialization in real commodities, like corn and pork bellies, to dealing in paper. In 1975 trading in

CRASH

Wall Street's Black Monday came as no surprise to readers of **Left Business Observer.** Now that the party's ending, what comes next? Probably the most serious crisis in the political economy in 60 years.

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PRESERVE THE FIRST AMENDMENT

Everyone has the right to freedom of opinion and expression; this right includes freedom to hold opinions without interference and to seek, receive and impart information and ideas through any media and regardless of frontiers. —*Universal Declaration of Human Rights, Article 19*

Once again, the First Amendment and the U.S. commitment to the United Nations have been fired upon by forces hostile to free and open political debate under the guise of combating terrorism. Not surprisingly, the target is the PLO.

In attempting to assuage the pro-Israeli promoters of legislation that would close both the Palestine Information Office (PIO) in Washington and the PLO Observer Mission to the U.N., the State Department issued an administrative order closing the information office only. The Administration's attempt to mollify the pro-Israeli lobby was to no avail: Congressional legislation had been approved in conference which would not only close the PIO *and* Observer Mission but would also criminalize the receipt of anything of value (other than information) from the Palestine Liberation Organization.

In a disturbing decision, a District of Columbia Federal Court ruled on December 2 that the government order did *not* violate the First Amendment rights of the American citizens and resident aliens who staff the Palestine Information Office and that the Secretary of State could legally classify an information office as a "foreign mission," even for the sole purpose of closing it. The American Civil Liberties Union is appealing this ruling and the ACLU is to be commended for its courageous stand.

Americans enjoy the basic right to freely disseminate information about political issues of their choice. No one in either office has ever been accused of criminal activity. The only issue is their association with the PLO. The attempt to close the Observer Mission is not just an attack on the PLO—it is an assault on the U.S. commitment to the independence and integrity of the U.N. This assault can have only a negative impact on efforts to convene an international peace conference on the Palestinian/Israeli conflict.

The assault is being orchestrated by a strange coalition of forces from the right and traditional supporters of civil rights. As *The Washington Post* stated editorially on December 2, 1987, "It is really disgraceful that liberal Senators, in particular, who usually champion the First Amendment rights of the unpopular have supported this legislation and the State Department action." *The Post* was referring to Senators Kennedy, Simon, Metzenbaum and Levin, among others.

While celebrating our 200th year of constitutional liberty, let us remember that the Constitution and Bill of Rights exist in order to protect the rights to political association and to advocate political causes, popular or unpopular. It protects our right to speak in defense of the rights of other peoples abroad and to work on their behalf.

If the PLO is targeted today, who will be next? Will it be Central American political organizations? The African National Congress? Filipino or South Korean organizations? Will some future Congress demand the expulsion of the U.N. missions of each country with whom the U.S. has broken diplomatic relations? If Congress is successful in undermining the U.N.'s authority, what consequences will follow?

We must forcefully protest this assault on the political rights and liberties of our fellow Americans and on the independence of the United Nations. Please speak out on behalf of those who are being silenced.

☐ I want to support the work of ADC to combat this assault on civil liberties. I am enclosing a donation of $_____ to help defray the costs of preparing a "friend-of-the-court" brief.

☐ I have written the ACLU and thanked them for their courageous defense of liberty in this case.

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Treasury Bill futures was added by the Chicago Mercantile Exchange, with the approval of the Commodity Futures Trading Commission, and in the early 1980s stock-index futures were introduced. Today the trading volume in stock index futures is almost equal to the trading volume of the stocks themselves. In the glitz and glitter of New York's stock exchanges and Chicago's futures markets, red-suspendered yuppies have lost sight of the original purposes of these institutions: to facilitate the ability of corporations to raise capital for productive purposes (stock markets) and to hedge risks for tangible commodities (futures markets). They are not supposed to be venues for high-stakes gambling.

Trading in foreign currencies has also become increasingly unstable as supranational capital has grown. National and international financial markets took on the coloration of gambling casinos a decade ago as a result of the large plays in foreign exchange rates accompanying the deregulation of international money. Speculation is no fun when there are no wild swings in prices. Although public economic management was not exemplary after the demise of Bretton Woods, nothing in the fiscal and monetary policies of the United States and other governments can justify gyrations in exchange rates of 40 percent or more.

Fixated on achieving short-term financial returns, currency traders in the money center banks, armed with footloose Eurodollars, engage in destabilizing foreign exchange speculation by attacking the weak currencies and supporting the strong ones. "It isn't un-American" to sell dollars and profit from the currency's decline, said James Young, Manufacturers Hanover's top sterling trader, in the midst of the recent stock market chaos. His 27-year-old counterpart dealing in deutsche marks, Fred Scala, described currency traders as "soldiers of fortune" with no "alliances," only a commitment to "work for the bank"—even if their dealings are incompatible with U.S. economic interests in the world economy, one could add. Having feasted on exchange rates, speculators then moved into the stock market with about $600 billion that underwrote the 20,000-odd mergers and acquisitions since 1979, accounting for more than two-thirds of the run-up in stock prices in the past few years.

While the globalization genie cannot be put back into the bottle, every item on the wish list of supranational centers need not be underwritten by pliant governments held hostage by their own free-market ideologies. Ultimately, new transnational economic institutions will be needed to stabilize exchange rates, rethink economic relations between the North and the South, restructure Third World debt and mobilize investment for productive purposes. Borders must mean something once again, permitting governments to inject effective public policies into their economies, and new transnational public institutions must be created to regulate the global economy.

But the immediate problem is the unregulated Eurodollar markets. It is time to bring them under the same regulatory umbrella that exists for dollars inside the United States. In particular, money center banks should be required to observe the reserve set-asides that constrain U.S. banking. This will make it possible for governments to coordinate such economic parameters as interest and exchange rates by regulating the rate of future growth of Eurodollars. In the absence of such regulation, the October stock market meltdown will be only the prelude to a larger financial drama. Speculative money will continue to hit and run, moving from Treasury Bills to foreign exchange to mergers and acquisitions. Continuing instability will breed worse economic imbalances until another financial crisis occurs requiring an even larger bailout from the Federal Reserve than the one engineered to save the market in October.

While the proximate cause of the October crisis in worldwide financial markets was the anticipation of sharply higher interest rates in response to the U.S. government's report about a continuing enormous trade deficit, the problem was magnified by the environment of deregulation and the globalization of financial markets. Since 1981 the Securities and Exchange Commission has been performing more like a cheerleader than a regulator, standing on the sidelines shaking pinstriped pom-poms and rooting on the stock market. As the volume of transactions on the stock market grew geometrically and the complexity of new financial instruments transformed securities markets, from 1981 to 1986 the S.E.C. staff actually declined in number. The commission's computers are from the horse-and-buggy age compared with the state-of-the-art computer capabilities of the securities firms the S.E.C. is supposed to regulate.

In order to bring the financial markets under some degree of regulation, the first step needed is to appoint an S.E.C. chair who knows securities markets and is committed to enforcing existing regulations, beefed up by additional staff and a modern computer capability that can compete with Wall Street's. Next, Congress must take a look at regulations to deal with the new character of securities markets—including computerized trading, which destabilizes markets, and the confounding of stock transactions with futures and options trading on the futures markets.

The 1930 regulatory aim of separating different types of financial institutions in order to contain problems endemic to each and prevent them from spreading—financial firebreaks—must be reasserted. This means retaining and strengthening the Glass-Steagall act, a law prohibiting commercial banks from engaging in securities underwriting. Senators William Proxmire and Jake Garn have aligned themselves with those seeking repeal of Glass-Steagall: the money center banks; Alan Greenspan, chair of the Fed; Robert L. Clarke, Comptroller of the Currency; and L. William Seidman, head of the Federal Deposit Insurance Corporation. (Ten days after Black Monday, Seidman had the audacity to assert that the 1930s banking crisis was "supervisory" and not "structural" in nature, and therefore Glass-Steagall, which was put in place to prevent a spill-

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Attorney General Edwin Meese III in *U.S. News & World Report* on 10/14/85: "The Miranda decision was wrong... If a person is innocent of a crime... he is not a suspect."

Ronald Reagan in a nationally broadcast speech of 11/13/86: "We did not—repeat—did not trade weapons or anything else for hostages. Nor will we."

George Bush, campaigning in New Hampshire on 5/26/87: "I probably would have done the same things differently that the President would have done differently."

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over from the stock market into the banking system, is not needed.)

The principle of firebreaks should be extended to include new legislation prohibiting securities firms from trading in futures markets. It is also time to reconsider the very existence of financial futures, in view of the fact that these are fictions far removed from the basic purpose of a futures market. At a minimum, financial futures must be brought under the same regulatory formulas as stock transactions. Margin requirements—the proportion of hard cash that any buyer must have on hand to acquire stocks or futures—are currently only about 7 percent on the less-regulated Chicago futures markets, compared with 50 percent on Wall Street securities markets, allowing the same kind of undercapitalized speculation that fed the late 1920s bubble. The S.E.C. should be out front in proposing uniform securities regulations and in pressing for them in other countries' markets. This would eliminate the "technological" profits from hair-trigger computerized trading, which permits the computer to stay a minisecond ahead of the markets in different countries as they adjust to a common price for the same stock.

The postwar vision of the world economy was predicated on a degree of predictability and stability in exchange rates, which would contribute to the growth in international trade by mitigating risk and uncertainty in financial transactions. For the past fifteen years the ideology of free markets and deregulation has replaced that vision with one that celebrates the cunning of unfettered entrepreneurialism. Arbitragers, options traders and all manner of financial speculators have been on a feeding frenzy for the past five years.

If something good is to come of the financial near-implosion of the past several weeks, it will have to be a better understanding of how the process of deregulated globalism has strengthened the symbiotic relationship between stagnation and speculation, and of what governments need to do to begin to restore investment for productive purposes. □

White Hope

(*Continued From Front Cover*)

in the Persian Gulf when the issue was raised during the NBC televised "debate" with all presidential candidates; (3) uhhh . . . make that two.

Those items, plus the shunning of D.S.A., led Oreskes to conclude that Jackson was now joining the mainstream (the gist of his *Times* magazine piece). Explicit in the article was the assumption that even the first initial of socialism is enough to sink a politician in that water. "The S word is definitely not something most politicians want to have anything to do with," D.S.A. organizational director Patrick Lacefield told Oreskes.

Now, *The New York Times* is not normally in touch with leftists or the left (the S word is also enough to disqualify a source from its pages), so Oreskes could not have foreseen that his story would become an instant cause célèbre in the admittedly small but vocal community of East Coast lefties, white left-liberals and those whom Alexander Cockburn has dubbed "pwogwessives." The telephone messages between members of that crowd that morning had the urgency of a major historical event, like the fall of a government or the assassination of a pope. Surely it was not that D.S.A.'s massed membership, estimated to be about 5,000, would mean much to the Jackson drive in the long run. But D.S.A.'s seal of approval (or its veto) has an effect far greater than the size of its mailing list. Guilty liberals, closet labor radicals and various unaffiliated political activists see the organization as a legitimizer of "acceptable" leftist behavior, the kind that produces a high benefit-to-risk ratio. More than that, the possibility that Jackson was excluding an organized left-leaning group from his coalition for wholly opportunistic reasons—the fear of Red-baiting—called into question the nature of Jackson's politics and the integrity of his project.

In fact, the Oreskes story was not true, or not *really* true. Jackson says (and D.S.A. leaders agree) he first heard of his purported decision to "shun" D.S.A. when he read *The Times* that morning. He immediately called D.S.A. co-chair Michael Harrington and repudiated the Oreskes imputations. He said he'd be grateful for an endorsement by the organization. What was apparent between the lines of the article was confirmed as fact—that newcomer Gerry Austin, a Democratic insider without much feel for movement politics who had previously run campaigns for Ohio Governor Richard Celeste, had passed off his unexamined anxieties as Jackson's position. Harrington graciously accepted Jackson's explanations, and D.S.A. enthusiastically endorsed the Rainbow Coalition candidate this time. A second-day story in *The Times*, without a byline or so much as a hint of its provenance, claimed that Jackson had "reversed" his position. The flapette had officially ended.

But the larger issue of Jackson's relations with whites on the left is unresolved and will become increasingly important as this polarized campaign intensifies. Despite what the media may think, or some Jackson supporters will claim, Jackson has never been the automatic candidate of the progressive community. In 1984 most of the institutions that inhabit that shrunken sector of American political life declared for Walter Mondale early in the campaign. Labor leapt on that train as it was leaving the station on its lonesome journey. The National Organization for Women supported Mondale almost a year before the election. D.S.A. itself remained officially neutral in the campaign, not wanting to alienate its friends in labor and feminist circles who may not have been ready for a black presidential candidate. (Nobody on *The Times* ever called the S-people opportunists for *that* decision against Jackson.)

Some individual white radical intellectuals and labor and community organizers saw Jackson as a great white hope and joined his campaign. Imagine their chagrin when they discovered that he was a hope of a different color. Just such a one was Mary Summers, a Jackson speechwriter in 1984 who failed to interest the campaign in many of the items on her left agenda, suffered an inevitable burnout and turned this year to the opposition, charging (in a *Nation* review/

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essay, "The Front-Runner," November 28) that Jackson was not only incorrect but insensitive on matters of class, sexism, racism and anti-Semitism; that he betrayed principles for political advantage and took credit for victories he had not won; and that he failed to fill in his ringing rhetoric with concrete prescriptions for change. Already Summers's article has become a rallying point for pwogs who have never cottoned to Jackson but could not give a coherent reason for shunning the political movement he leads.

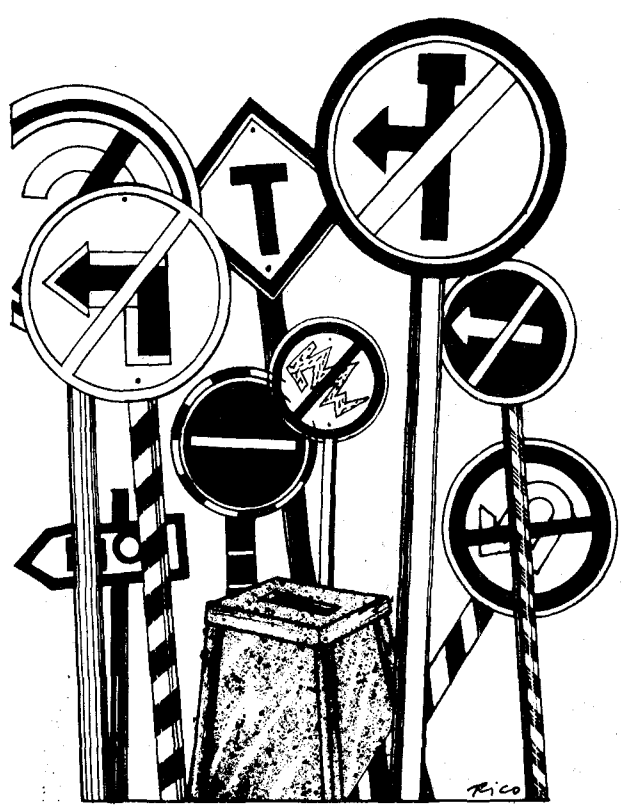
But one of the wonders of the presidential campaign this time around is the richness and excitement of political debate, and the Summers thesis is not going unchallenged. More amazing than Gerry Austin's dumb bungle of the D.S.A. endorsement is D.S.A.'s virtually unanimous endorsement itself. Labor is not exactly flocking to Jackson en masse, but he is miles ahead of his previous effort with both union leadership and the rank and file. Ditto with farmers and farm organizations, feminists, lesbians and gays and the range of foreign policy and anti-intervention activists from solidarity movements to the peace community. The "white piece" of the rainbow is not as wide as it might be, but it is in the visible spectrum and appears to be growing.

In large measure, the success of the coalition depends more on its constituent members than on its titular head. A D.S.A. leader said last week that he has no illusions about whether Jackson is "an opportunist, like all politicians," but that such a role has its advantages: "They can then be pressured—by us." Jackson is who he is: no messiah, no S-person, certainly no saint, no great organizer or theoretician or team player. But even as the Summers school recognizes, he is the man with the power, a leader who fought for authenticity in an unorthodox way but won it above all others. Many white leftists would prefer Representative Ronald Dellums, for instance, as "their" black leader. But they can't always get what they want.

Opportunism works in reverse, too, and it is up to the activist constituencies in Jackson's coalition to make the campaign into what they need. The campaign has been remiss so far in doing its share of grass-roots organizing around the country, especially in the late primary states of the West. To look at Jackson alone without considering the forces around him is to miss the point of the coalition strategy. It is not meant to be a conventional liberal campaign that manipulates constituencies at the convenience of the candidate (although some of that will inevitably occur) but an effort that uses the heightened political consciousness of an election year to organize a kind of movement.

The tension in the strategy is between the campaign and the movement. If the one defeats the other, the effort is doomed. But the one aids the other as well. Jackson did not organize the April 25 march in Washington against U.S. intervention in Central America and against white rule in South Africa, but he was invited to be a speaker and he was in fact the only presidential candidate there. The marchers that day were really arrayed in a rainbow of white and black, unionists and peace activists, women and men. Jackson is now in a sense responsible to them and their demands, to a degree proportional to their strength. Ditto for the half-million or more lesbians and gays who demonstrated on October 11. Again, he was the only candidate who spoke to them, offered himself as a leader and implicitly proposed that they join a coalition "larger than themselves" to press their demands for civil rights and, indeed, for survival. He has done the same for people on picket lines in Maine and Minnesota, for local political campaigners and of course for the millions of rural and urban blacks who must make up his biggest base. Last May, Jackson spoke to health care workers at a demonstration outside City Hall in New York; last week, the picketers' union, Local 1199 of the Health and Hospital Employees, endorsed his candidacy. A true working coalition would make each element responsible for supporting the demands of others, with the enforcement procedure being the right to pull out—and damage or destroy the whole.

Jackson could never be a great white hope, but he has been a black hope, which is where he gets his initial power in the peculiar configuration of American politics at this point in history. D.S.A., which might prefer to organize a labor-led coalition for change, now realizes that a different color combination is needed. The black activist culture in which Jackson was raised and which informs his leadership has many contradictions, as they say, but they are different contradictions from those found in the culture of the white left. There is anti-Semitism there, sexism, separatism and opportunism—in a different equation than in white radical consciousness, which also has an unhealthy share of destructive and unworthy conceits. Some whites will have a hard time crossing the cultural barrier to accept black leadership, but as this amazing political year unfolds, by the process of elimination as well as by conscious decision, they may see that they have no other choice. □



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BOOKS & THE ARTS.

Our Holiday Lists

VICTOR NAVASKY

NATION STOCKING STUFFERS: Arthur Danto's *The State of the Art* (Prentice Hall, $19.95) is, as might be expected, the state of the art of art criticism; Peter Davis's *Where Is Nicaragua?* (Simon & Schuster, $17.95; $8.85 paper), clichéless reportage informed by the politics of morality, got its start when *The Nation* sent Peter to Nicaragua in connection with our special issue on Central America; Calvin Trillin's latest collection, *If You Can't Say Something Nice* (Ticknor & Fields, $16.95), is predictably hilarious, despite an introduction which libels the editor of our favorite magazine; Alex Cockburn's *Corruptions of Empire* (Verso, $22.95), a gathering of his pieces from here and there, is as wicked, timely and brilliant as next week's column; Sara Alpern's *Freda Kirchwey: A Woman of* The Nation (Harvard University Press, $27.50), provides valuable previously unpublished material on this remarkable woman's years at the magazine; and Earl Shorris's epigrams and meditations on power, *Power Sits at Another Table* (Simon & Schuster, $9.95 paper), is the only book on this list that will actually fit in your stocking.

MERELY IRRESISTIBLE: Read Vikram Seth's eclectic epic poem *Golden Gate* (Random House, $5.95 paper); I won't try to describe it, but implore you—imbibe it.

SOMETHING OLD: A sucker for anything about the old left, I was especially moved by (what else?) Dan Menaker's *The Old Left* (Alfred A. Knopf, $15.95), his collection of short stories inspired in part by his uncle, who used to call the Saturday night square dances at my old allemande lefting grounds, Camp ToHoNe. Like Menaker, Junius Scales, in his plain-spoken memoir, *Cause at Heart: A Former Communist Remembers* (University of Georgia Press, $24.95) demythologizes and demystifies America's favorite scapegoat, The Communist. Actually, so does Arthur Miller in *Timebends* (Grove Press, $24.95), his unorthodox rumination on the morality, politics and dramaturgy of his life, art and times. Curiously, his reminiscences of where he has been should help the rest of us think about where we might be headed.

BEST SELLERS: *Presumed Innocent* by Scott Turow (Farrar, Straus & Giroux, $18.95) has absolutely no redeeming social value, although this old-fashioned D.A.-as-detective story has more twists and turns than the old party line. On the other side of the best-seller list, it is testimony to the redeeming quality of her powerful voice that it took a wrenching effort to interrupt my reading of Toni Morrison's new novel, *Beloved* (Alfred A. Knopf, $18.95), so that I might offer this report. Now, back to my thralldom.

RICHARD LINGEMAN

My nonduty reading has been eclectic, even aleatory, the intellectual equivalent of impulse-buying in the supermarket, though the impulses are deeper-seated and, unlike most consumer items, books really do bring happiness, folks, or at least the sleep of the just. So here are some titles that worked their way to the top of my bedside pile during the past year.

I confess to a pleasure-reading bias toward literary biographies, a field so overgrown that one wonders if there is anyone left in the Am Lit canon to study. But new generations of readers need new biographies, and revisionist scholarship must be heard. A case in point, though in the Brit Lit acreage, is Martin Stannard's *Evelyn Waugh: The Early Years 1903-1939* (Norton, $24.95). As the author rather too ostentatiously claims at times, this work does indeed provide new information that goes beyond previous studies and Waugh's own truncated autobiographical effusions. One understands, without pardoning, the young Waugh: ambitious, careerist, touched by genius; a fighter for his voice, yet willing to purge his novels of his more Blimpish views in the cause of art; a snob and social climber who sought to free himself from the Bright Young Thing image and who was never really accepted by the aristocrats who condescended to let him amuse them.

Novels about publishing are a specialized genre, but they dovetail with my taste for literary biography. Two notable ones appeared this year, Wilfrid Sheed's *The Boys of Winter* (Alfred A. Knopf, $16.95) and Richard Marek's *Works of Genius* (Atheneum, $17.95). Sheed writes amusingly and wisely about the off-season didoes of some Hamptons scriveners, whose real-life counterparts are at this very season bemoaning their fates at Bobby Van's (or whatever the saloon is out there these days), and the tribulations of their mutual editor, who devotes himself to trying to straighten out their muddled personal lives. Marek, president of a publishing house, provides an arresting portrait of a writer who will surely make the 1,000-page biography class in the great posthumous weigh-in. The examiners of his literary remains will be faced with the problem of separating the man (a bastard, drunk and child abuser) from the artist, and I don't think Marek adequately dissolves this dichotomy the way that a good biographer like Stannard does. But Marek has given us a chilling portrait of a monster, as well as an insider's view of the publishing machine. These novels raise the usual *roman à clef* questions, and to put an end to the gossip distracting editors and agents at the Four Seasons grill room from important dealmaking, I will now reveal that the editor-hero of Sheed's novel is really Wilfrid Sheed, as are all the writer-characters (save for cameo appearances by James Jones and Guillaume Apollinaire). The writer in Marek's book is, of course, a shorter Thomas Wolfe.

At random: The stories about small-town characters in Garrison Keillor's *Leaving Home* (Viking, $18.95) cheered me for a brief span in this veil of tears. Walter Kendrick's *The Secret Museum* (Viking, $18.95) offers some acute observations and historical perspectives on so-called pornography, and demonstrates to my satisfaction that censors, from Bowdler to what's-her-name, are brothers and sisters under the skin. Jordan A. Schwartz's *Liberal* (Free Press, $24.95), a biography of original braintruster Adolf A. Berle, ably explicates the career of the co-author of *The Modern Corporation and Private Property*. Berle, architect of the Good Neighbor policy, passed the imperialist torch to the best and brightest of the Kennedy Administration. (Asked about the proposed Bay of Pigs invasion, he said, "Let 'er rip.") A handsomely illustrated and provocative work of social history from the French school is *A History of Private Life: Pagan Rome to Byzantium* (Belknap/Harvard, $29.50),

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edited by Paul Veyne. This is the first in a series of excavations of the lives of ordinary folk (or rather, in the case of ancient Rome, the ordinary lives of wealthier folk, the only ones who left records) in succeeding historical epochs up to the present day. And the durable genre of the western receives a fresh infusion of talent with Edward Hoagland's *Seven Rivers West* (Penguin, $6.95 paper). Hoagland reinvents the West, including rivers and mountain ranges, and while his human characters are a memorable crew, I don't know when I've read a novel in which the dogs (and other animals) emerge as such distinct personalities and are treated with such shrewd attention to their quirks and foibles and courage. Give this one to the animal in your life for Christmas, then read it when he or she isn't looking.

ELSA DIXLER

Sixty-seven plus twenty equals eighty-seven, so I suppose it's not surprising that so many books on the movement of the 1960s were published this year. Nor is it surprising that I absconded with so many of them the minute they landed on *The Nation*'s doorstep. A lot of them were good, too. James Miller's *"Democracy Is in the Streets": From Port Huron to the Siege of Chicago* (Simon & Schuster, $19.95) is a thoughtful account of the early days of Students for a Democratic Society. I might quarrel with Miller's focus on a few leaders and with his lack of attention to the years during which S.D.S. became a mass movement. Nevertheless, Miller is terrific on the vicissitudes and contradictions of the ideal of participatory democracy. Even better than Miller, I thought, was Todd Gitlin's *The Sixties: Years of Hope, Days of Rage* (Bantam, $19.95). Gitlin's chapter titles alone are an excellent introduction to the politics and culture of the 1960s. The book is at once very solid and a lot of fun, especially in its autobiographical sections. Reading both Miller and Gitlin, I realized that even after all these years, none of us is really ready to come to terms with, and write fully about, the Weatherman split. When will that happen?

Two other books I recommend this year dealt with the predecessors of the New Left. Maurice Isserman's *If I Had a Hammer . . . : The Death of the Old Left and the Birth of the New Left* (Basic Books, $18.95) is a gracefully written examination of the varieties of left politics in the 1950s and their consequences in the decade that followed. Politics is not the ostensible subject of *Rock of Ages: The Rolling Stone History of Rock & Roll*, by Ed Ward, Geoffrey Stokes and Ken Tucker (Rolling Stone/Summit, $24.95; $14.95 paper), but Ward's evocation of the sassy music of the 1950s points directly to the emergence of the youth culture of the 1960s. He's also very strong on rock and roll's roots in r&b and good at reminding you of a lot of great stuff.

But of all these excellent books, the one I read with most pleasure was *Freedom Song: A Personal Story of the 1960s Civil Rights Movement*, by Mary King (William Morrow, $22.95), a memoir of the Student Nonviolent Coordinating Committee. King evokes the texture of daily life in the movement, describing late-night conversations and telling us just which dog-eared paperbacks were passed from hand to hand. She is both intensely personal and rigorously analytical, examining difficult issues including the role of students in bringing about social change, the position of women in the movement and the expulsion of whites from S.N.C.C. You don't have to be over 40 to enjoy *Freedom Song*: I'd also recommend it unreservedly to anyone who wants to know What It Was Like. (And if that's not enough, Casey Hayden's lyrical preface is stunning.)

These books on the 1960s (and earlier) are both instructive and inspiring. Another of the best books I read this year could also be so characterized: *And the Band Played On*, by Randy Shilts (St. Martin's, $24.95). The criticisms you've read are true, but nevertheless the book is gripping and produces fury and a desire to act. Tim Sweeney of the Gay Men's Health Crisis says that history will condemn Ronald Reagan not for his obnoxious foreign policy but for the failure of his Administration to confront the AIDS epidemic at a time when something still could have been done about it. Randy Shilts makes me think he's right.

I'd also like to mention three books by friends. *Mothers and Lovers*, by Elizabeth Wood (Franklin Watts, $17.95), is a witty and moving novel, set in Australia, about a woman's achievement of her own identity; its climax is a horrifying custody trial. *Bitter Choices: Blue-Collar Women In and Out of Work*, by Ellen Israel Rosen (University of Chicago Press, $29.95), breaks new ground in its description of women's work behavior. Finally, David Pearson's *KAL 007: The Cover-Up* (Summit, $19.95) demonstrates convincingly that the Korean jetliner did not wander off course accidentally. Pearson takes the investigation about as far as it can go until some Deep Throat tells us what really happened on the night of August 31, 1983.

ELIZABETH POCHODA

If I were to give any of this year's books for Christmas—something the widespread suspicion of freebies prevents me from doing—I'd begin with DC Comics' *Watchmen* (Warner, $14.95), a bound edition of twelve issues of that name. I'm not slumming. This stuff is smart. Many of my serious-minded colleagues were transfixed by these narratives of superheroes, costume heroes, plain-wrap heroes and plain psychopaths at play in the fevered history of the past four decades. (Yes, Victor, the 1950s complete with references to HUAC and the Jitterbug are here.) *Watchmen*'s time scheme is *déjà vu* and *presque vu*, its political footing is treacherous, the color is supersaturated and the angles are oblique—Kissinger from the perspective of his right earlobe, Nixon from the jowl up. Even when you've put *Watchmen* down, you'll find you haven't shaken it loose. The world begins to look like these frames, or else, you think, perhaps it always has.

Still in the realm of the counterfactual, I should mention *The Selected Poetry of Jaroslav Seifert* (Macmillan, $9.95 paper). Despite the efforts of American publishers to keep Seifert's poems a secret, he won the Nobel Prize for Literature in 1984, which was nice for the people of Czechoslovakia, where national heroes are currently in short supply. Seifert is a principled, passionate and cosmopolitan poet; like most Czech writers he is recognizably European, not East European. All five decades of the work represented here through the screen of translation have his familiar voice—more than you can say for this year's Nobel winner, Joseph Brodsky, whose poems in English sound to me like the work of several different poets, all of them remote. I got on best with Seifert's later poems, where the conversational style presents fewer difficulties for the foreign reader than the musical rhapsodies of his youth. Of the former I particularly recommend a series of seven poems, "The Bombing of the Town of Kralupy."

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As to books I can give without exciting suspicion, these must be old enough so I could not have plucked them from the shelves here. I intend to press on friends the works of Paule Marshall, whose *Brown Girl, Brownstones* (Feminist Press, $8.95 paper) and *The Timeless Place, The Chosen People* (Vintage, $6.95 paper) seem to me in many ways more interesting and a lot less operatic than the much-praised Alice Walker and Toni Morrison. As further evidence that Stanley Crouch had his head on backwards when he suggested that Morrison and Walker invented the victimization of black women, I'd recommend the work of Zora Neale Hurston, which I also (for shame) just read, especially *Their Eyes Were Watching God* (Feminist Press, $9.95 paper).

Since we never review anything for children here, I should mention a perennial gift (perennial ever since 1985), Tom Disch's *Brave Little Toaster* (Doubleday, $9.95), which does for small appliances what Norton Juster's *The Phantom Tollbooth* did for the alphabet and the numeral system. That will set the young reader or listener up for the spring release of *The Brave Little Toaster Goes to Mars*, which I have been privileged to see because the B.L.T.'s creator is a friend of mine. But how is the ordinary grown-up to learn about such children's treasures? In the only really great book on children's literature I know of, Michele Landsberg's *Reading for the Love of It* (Prentice Hall, $17.95). Landsberg does everything right: her prose is energetic, her taste is unerring, her historical scope vast and her politics acute (see especially her crisp denunciations of Roald Dahl and Judy Blume). She also knows you want more than just her opinions; thus the guide to some 400 books at the volume's end. We've been living off Landsberg's suggestions at our house ever since the book came out in Canada. Now you can get it here. It's the nicest Christmas gift I can think of for the small biped.

A reminder: Arthur Danto's splendid collection of essays for *The Nation*, *The State of the Art* (Prentice Hall, $19.95) falls into the best category of Christmas present—the one you give because you want it yourself.

GEORGE BLACK

A good year for reading history, which is really no surprise when you consider the kind of year it has been. I hope we remember 1987 as the year when the cold war finally became obsolete and when peace began to break out in Central America. It was also a year to cross your fingers for *perestroika*, follow the travails of Chinese reform and applaud the imminent removal of Euromissiles. And most of all, perhaps, to take encouragement from the continuing surge of new movements, from cause-oriented groups in the Philippines and Christian base communities in Brazil to peace and ecology groups in the Soviet bloc, all offering a pluralization of what "our side" consists of, and a sense of exhilarating new possibilities.

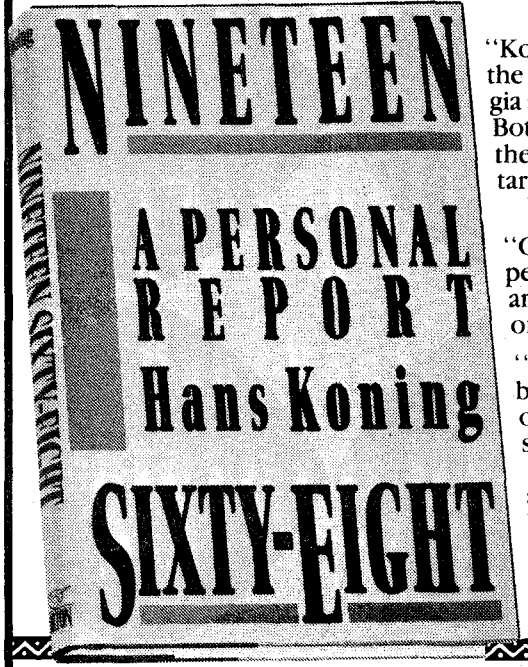
I especially enjoyed two books about China this year. John King Fairbank's *The Great Chinese Revolution, 1800–1985* (Harper & Row, $20.95) is the distillation of more than half a century's scholarship, and a palpable love of the place, by the (very) grand (very) old man of U.S. China studies. Fairbank's gift is to depict Chinese history as an unbroken chain since the country's emergence from its closed, interior world at the end of the eighteenth century. After reading Fairbank, the upheavals of the past year, leading up to the recent Thirteenth Party Congress, appear as just one more illustration of the inertial forces in Chinese society, where long, almost invisible shifts alternate with spasmodic, often destructive episodes like the Great Leap Forward and the Cultural Revolution. And the deep ambivalence of contemporary Chinese elites toward foreign political models—with the eager John Deere salesmen and the Kentucky Fried Chicken franchises that accompany them—takes on a whole new coloration when it is set against the Chinese experience with the treaty ports and opium traders of the nineteenth century, and the Christian missionaries of the first quarter of the twentieth.

Fairbank has an agile eye for the richness of ordinary lives, which he brings to light in extended passages about footbinding and the mad world of the imperial examination system. That sense of gaining entry to a universe of previously hidden codes, and understanding its humanity, is at the heart of Zhang Xinxin and Sang Ye's *Chinese Lives: An Oral History of Contemporary China* (Pantheon, $18.95), which is quite simply the most enthralling oral history I've ever read. Fittingly, Studs Terkel gets to write the preface here; it was Jan Myrdal's *Report From a Chinese Village* that

"Comes right on time, right on target and right on!"

I'd be hard pressed to recommend a better book about the 1960s."

—Abbie Hoffman



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set Terkel off on the oral-history trail in the first place. Now, two young Chinese journalists repay the compliment with a riveting set of portraits of life in Deng Xiaoping's (Zhao Ziyang's, I suppose one should now say) rapidly changing country, from foul-mouthed popcorn sellers and reflective former prostitutes to master hairdressers and sailors, crematorium workers and drifters.

A couple of continents away, but closer to my own origins, is T.C. Smout's *A Century of the Scottish People, 1830–1950* (Yale University Press, $25). The Scottish history I was taught at school was all the epic glories and tragedies of the ancient past, full of gore and treachery and disembowelings and kings on horseback plunging to their death on stormy nights, and over it all the eternal perfidy of the English. On this I superimposed, from the safe distance of London, some highly suspect teen-age nostalgia for the proletarian splendors and miseries of a pit village childhood, with union banners and kilted pipe bands on grand occasions, and the last Communist M.P. in Britain. Reading Smout gave sustenance to a little of that, as when he describes the turn-of-the-century Fife miners who used to drive out evangelical missionaries with lumps of coal and rotten fruit. But in the end, this is a melancholy book, with Smout serving as a glum but absorbing guide to the slow death of the radical, populist spirit of the Friends of the People, the Chartists, Keir Hardie and the Red Clyde, and the loss to Scotland of their belief that, "by the exercise of political will, the people hold the future in their own hands."

Briefly: Karl Bermann, in *Under the Big Stick: Nicaragua and the United States since 1848* (South End Press, $10 paper), proves that professional academics have no monopoly on good history. Standing out from the dross of recent books on the subject (do publishers have no shame?), this is the story of all the cowboys and bureaucrats and villains who have used Nicaragua as a theater for their private fantasies; it's lucid, low-key and wonderfully readable. Wayne Smith's *The Closest of Enemies: A Personal and Diplomatic History of the Castro Years* (Norton, $19.95) is state of the art. Smith was in the Havana U.S. Embassy in 1959 when Castro took power, and he quit the U.S. Interests Section in 1982, disgusted at the policies of the present Administration. These memoirs are wise and angry. Ward Just's *The American Ambassador* (Houghton Mifflin, $17.95) was one of the few novels I read with pleasure this year. Not entirely sure about its politics, but the drama is well engineered and the portrait of the diplomat (who has the good fortune to be named North) is full of juicy insider detail.

Finally, lest readers fear for my mental state after this onslaught of Serious Reading, I will confess that *Spy* magazine ($25 a year) has helped keep 1987 in perspective, especially its "Separated at Birth" feature. Forced at gunpoint to offer an entry of my own, I'd go for José Napoleón Duarte and Arthur Carter.

MARIA MARGARONIS

Several weeks of my life this year were entirely swallowed up by novels. Toni Morrison's *Beloved* (Alfred A. Knopf, $18.95) tugged at my hands every time I put it down. With almost superhuman courage, Morrison has unearthed the most painful memories of slavery and embodied them in the story of a ghostly young woman whose insatiable demands threaten to consume everyone around her. In the course of its impossible, necessary coming to terms, *Beloved* reveals more about freedom and the legacy of oppression than fifty learned tomes.

Being a Greek, I was especially moved by *Chronicle in Stone*, Ismail Kadare's wartime novel about the Albanian city of Gjirokastër (New Amsterdam Books/The Meredith Press, $17.95). Kadare's child's-eye view of his city's invasion by the Italians, the Greeks and finally the Germans offers far more than the *frisson* of literary tourism. It's also an intimate epic—a meditation on innocence, nationalism and war.

From another part of the periphery, the Sri Lankan–Canadian Michael Ondaatje's *In the Skin of a Lion* (Alfred A. Knopf, $16.95) held me fast by the sheer force of its prose. Among its many wonders are several heart-stopping descriptions of dangerous work—building a bridge, dynamiting a logjam, rescuing a cow from a frozen river. From California, more foreign to me than Canada, came *Significant Others* (Harper & Row, $19.95; Perennial, $9.95 paper), the latest volume in Armistead Maupin's addictive saga of gay and not-so-gay life in the 1980s. And from the past, that ultimate other country, Edith Wharton exerted a firm but ladylike grip with *The Reef* (Collier, $3.95 paper), a neglected prefeminist classic about jealousy, motherhood and middle-aged desire.

In this year of conspiracies and costumed heroes, I can recommend no better disorientation manual than *Watchmen*, a comic book by Alan Moore and Dave Gibbons (DC Comics/Warner, $14.95). With considerably more wit than the Tower commission report, *Watchmen* asks *Quis custodiet ipsos custodes?* through an alternative history of the past fifty years. In its political hall of mirrors, swashbucklers of Batman's ilk win the Vietnam War, save Nixon's presidency, run triple agents and vast corporate scams and almost destroy the world in order to save it. You might argue about the message, but you'll certainly enjoy the ride.

There's alternative history of a different kind in the flood of new books about the New Left, here just in time to water the spreading grass roots. Though I'd question some of his conclusions, Todd Gitlin's version of *The Sixties* (Bantam, $19.95) provides a vivid sense of being there for those of us who missed the main event. It also sent me back to Kirkpatrick Sale's thorough account of *SDS*, written before he turned Green and published by Random House in 1973. Still on my growing pile of 1960s books to read are James Miller's *"Democracy Is in the Streets"* (Simon & Schuster, $19.95), Mary King's *Freedom Song* (Morrow, $22.95) and George Katsiaficas's *The Imagination of the New Left* (South End Press, $11 paper).

Finally, for their edification and pleasure, members of my affinity group will be given copies of Arthur Danto's *The State of the Art* (Prentice Hall, $19.95), Alexander Cockburn's *Corruptions of Empire* (Verso, $22.95) and the first album by They Might Be Giants (Bar/None Records). Check it out: I think they might.

KATRINA VANDEN HEUVEL

In 1981, while organizing Carey McWilliams's papers, I came across the name of Ambrose Bierce. I admired McWilliams, who admired Bierce, so I started reading Bierce's articles about political corruption, censorship, racism and the role of the press. His acerbic insights about American political culture between the Civil War and World War I, which made him "the most hated man in San Francisco," are still worth reading. They have been collected in *The Devil's Advocate: An Ambrose Bierce Reader*, edited by Brian St. Pierre (Chronicle

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Books, $22.50; $12.50 paper).

I try to avoid reading books by statesmen, but I made an exception when "the book of the year by the statesman of the year" turned out to be Mikhail S. Gorbachev's *Perestroika: New Thinking for Our Country and the World* (Harper & Row, $19.95). This remarkable manifesto is informal, almost conversational in tone: Gorbachev is candid, irreverent and witheringly critical of the Soviet system's failures. *Perestroika* is valuable because it forces us to ask whether we are prepared to respond to the changes in the Soviet Union we have claimed to want for so many years. Harper & Row's six-figure contract with Gorbachev shows how times have changed. After all, how many offers did Lenin receive for *What Is To Be Done?*

Gorbachev's book is informed by a powerful sense of history but not much humor. For that I suggest the Soviet comic book *The Russian Revolution: What Actually Happened* (Progress Publishers, through Imported Publications, $4.95). In the style of the Writers and Readers "Beginners" series of documentary comic books, *The Russian Revolution* has a touch of humor that would have been unthinkable a few years ago. V.I. Lenin pops up on one page looking more like Dick Tracy than the guiding light of the Bolshevik Revolution. And Joseph Stalin appears wearing a deadpan expression worthy of Zonker in the *Doonesbury* strip.

In *The Russian Album* (Viking/Elisabeth Sifton Books, $18.95), Michael Ignatieff gives a very different view of the impact of revolution on Russia. It is a deceptively simple story about the author's grandparents, Russian aristocrats, who fled in the chaos of revolution and civil war and spent their remaining years living out of a suitcase in Canada. Ignatieff treats family history as imaginative literature and he reveals more about the vicissitudes of exile than many a realistic and rancorous analyst of émigré politics.

Junius Scales experienced another kind of political exile. Scales spent years living underground in America during the cold war and was the only person in the United States to serve time solely for violating the Smith Act's party membership clause. His co-authored memoir, *Cause at Heart: A Former Communist Remembers* (also by Richard Nickson, University of Georgia Press, $24.95), is an intelligent and honest story by a very decent and idealistic man.

JULIE ABRAHAM

For those interested in women's "lives lived out on the borderlands, lives for which the central interpretative devices of the culture don't quite work," three books with a minimum of generalization and no Hite Report hype. In *Landscape for a Good Woman: A Story of Two Lives* (Rutgers University Press, $22; $10 paper), Carolyn Kay Steedman, quoted above, challenges conventional accounts of working-class life that omit women, accounts of women's lives that ignore class and accounts of class that assume poverty creates community and negates intellectual complexities and material desires. Steedman's combination of autobiography (the lives in question are her mother's and her own, particularly her 1950s English childhood) with feminist, Marxist and psychoanalytic analyses provides a welcome alternative to the current flood of mother-daughter romances.

Barbara Levy Simon's *Never Married Women* (Temple University Press, $19.95) deals seriously and perceptively with lives almost never granted such respect—those of the "spinster," the "old maid," usually either caricatured or invisible. Simon records and analyzes the voices of fifty women born from the 1880s to 1920, a group belonging predominantly to the post-settlement house, postsuffrage generation of U.S. women. They are white, black, Hispanic, Asian, immigrant and native born, family oriented and family alienated, heterosexual and lesbian, anarchist, socialist, feminist and conservative, professionals and domestic workers—almost all of them underpaid. They explain their own choices, the relationships, intimacies and communities they value, and the mechanisms they employed to deal with fierce social prejudice. There is also a particular ironic energy: "For example, when I was about forty, my boss asked me out of the blue if I was still in love with my father. By then, I knew enough to make jokes about such foolishness. The only alternative to humor that I could think of was committing mayhem or worse. And how could I explain to the judge that I killed my boss because he saw me as a silly spinster?"

Finally, *Memory Board* (Naiad Press, $8.95 paper), a new novel from Jane Rule. One of the most accomplished of contemporary lesbian writers, whose work also includes short stories and essays, Rule combines a brilliant clarity of style with detailed emotional observation. *Memory Board*, set in Vancouver, deals with the reunion of brother-and-sister twins divided by decades of homophobic prejudice and failures of courage, and the relationship between the sister, Diana, and her lover, Constance, particularly as they cope with aging and with Constance's loss of memory. Diana provides an individual interpretative text for their lives in the form of the lists and notes she writes out daily on the "memory board" Constance must carry with her to guide herself through what she is doing, to explain what she has just done and what she needs to do next. In this image Rule has also provided us with a paradigm for her own work; like Steedman and Simon, she gives us patterns for understanding and valuing the lives of women who, in Virginia Woolf's phrase, "live differently."

MICAH SIFRY

After a weekend in the country communing with twenty-some writers and activists about what lies ahead, I find myself thinking about the 1960s. Though I graduated from high school in 1979 and should, in theory, find my cultural compass marked by 1970s stars like Evil Knievel and Chevy Chase, I seek renewal in the history of the New Left and the counterculture. Perhaps it is because the people, events and movements of the 1970s that did have an effect on me—Monty Python's Flying Circus, Three Mile Island and feminism spring to mind—have their roots in the earlier period. The one book I managed to finish this past year was, with good reason, James Miller's *"Democracy Is in the Streets": From Port Huron to the Siege of Chicago* (Simon & Schuster, $19.95). By focusing on the origins of Students for a Democratic Society and on the Port Huron Statement, Miller reminds us of the politics of authenticity that was at the core of S.D.S. and the source of much that followed.

Another place I go to refresh the spirit is a little monthly magazine called *The Sun* (412 West Rosemary Street, Chapel Hill, NC 27514). Alienation from mass culture sends many of us on an inner search for authenticity; the "new age" phenomenon is one expression of that quest. At its worst, this yearning falls prey to hucksters and direct-mail experts hawking crystals and expensive gurus. At its best it can be found in much of the writing in *The Sun*. Its

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editor, Sy Safransky, has just published the second volume of *A Bell Ringing in the Empty Sky* (Mho & Mho Works, $12.95), a collection of the best of the first ten years of his magazine. You will find an eclectic mix: an interview with Merry Prankster and Hog Farmer Wavy Gravy, short essays from *Sun* readers on subjects like childhood fears or Sunday mornings, the story of one man's silent protest against nuclear war, and great poetry.

Finally, the return of *Star Trek* bodes well for pendulum-watchers. *Star Trek: The Next Generation* is missing Captain Kirk's heaving chest and some of the old crew's chemistry, but the sixties-ish moralizing and high camp are back. Another encouraging sign: There are women in some serious roles (including a security chief with a great punk haircut) and the Enterprise's mission has become to boldly go "where no *one* has gone before."

JOANN WYPIJEWSKI

No words are so disheartening as "Everything in moderation"; none so stifling as "Face facts." The demands of reality, in which countless pragmatic concerns present themselves with unavoidable urgency, only intensify the desire for excess. And excess cultivated, for me a preoccupation, becomes inspiring in those who have made it an art.

On that theme an old book captivated my attentions this year: *Balzac*, by Stefan Zweig (Viking, unfortunately out of print). Think of the modern writer whose anxieties have become his subject; then imagine Balzac, in whose case "the more hard pressed he was by outward circumstance, the more buoyant he became." Think of the modern writing room, cool, computerized; then imagine Balzac pacing in his robe, writing heatedly through the night (the only assured respite from the importunings of friends and creditors), passing years of such nights with the aid of a few precisely selected tools and 50,000 cups of potent coffee.

Where the image gives way to tangibility—Balzac's galley proofs—excess is transfigured. A commotion of deletions, additions, transpositions, testifies to the value of the editorial second thought and the process by which the considered alteration of even the smallest part invigorates the whole. Here I am reminded of the biweekly corrected proofs of Alexander Cockburn, some of whose work from *The Nation* is collected in *Corruptions of Empire* (Verso, $22.95). Here too the long process reveals the nature of the product; as Theodor Adorno wrote, "Talent is perhaps nothing other than successfully sublimated rage, the capacity to convert energies once intensified beyond measure to destroy recalcitrant objects, into the concentration of patient observation, so keeping as tight a hold on the secret of things, as one had earlier when finding no peace until the quavering voice had been wrenched from the mutilated toy."

Sharp reminders of reality's ability to squash all excess are plentiful, though, and sometimes arresting. *My Life as a Dog*, a film by Lasse Hallström, follows a little boy's inevitable but anguished passage out of wild innocence to naïve understanding. Mercifully, it ends there. Even in imagination my faith in the power of resistance demands that he emerge victorious.

JUDITH LONG

Nineteen eighty seven returned me to 1957. Elvis, the Big Bopper, curb service at the Hot Shoppe, beatniks—reading my daughter's English books brought it all back. I can report that the more things change, the more they don't. Also that the following oldies but goodies have stood the test of the past thirty years: *The Scarlet Letter* and "Young Goodman Brown" still conjure up the Puritan darkside, though I now see that Hawthorne is best read when one is over 40 and should perhaps be proscribed to those under 18. The inverse is true of *The Catcher in the Rye*, which, incidentally, may be read for a book report but is still excluded from the classroom (as in the fifties, so in the eighties). "The Lottery" and "A Rose for Emily" still introduce Jackson's chills and Faulkner's South to countless 16-year-olds, and *Animal Farm* still opens the brave new world of Orwell, symbols, and some who are more equal than others. All brought back the rattling radiators and chalk dust of the English room, but none so much as *Julius Caesar*. The grandeur that was Rome and the glory that is Shakespeare endure. The flattop with the button-down collar at the desk in front of mine, and times when sin was half a bottle of beer, rushed back with "Friends, Romans, countrymen. . . ." So does *Mad* magazine's beatnik version. (Some things do change. In 1957, *Mad* could only be bought underground.) It's my holiday present to you.

Friends, Romans, hipsters
Let me clue you in
I come to put down Caesar, not to groove him.
The square kicks some cats are on stay with them
The hip bits, like, go down under.
So let it lay with Caesar. The cool Brutus
Gave you the message Caesar had big eyes.
If that's the sound, someone's copping a plea
And, like, old Caesar really set them straight.
Here, copacetic with Brutus and the studs—
For Brutus is a real cool cat,
So are they all, all cool cats—
Come I to make this gig at Caesar's lay-down.
He was my boy, the most and real gone to me;
But, like, Brutus pegs him as having big eyes,
And old Brutus is a real cool cat.
He copped a lot of swinging heads for home
Which put us way out with that loot.
Does this give Caesar big eyes?
When the square cats bawled, Caesar flipped—
Big eyes should be made of more solid melligulah
Yet Brutus pegs him as having big eyes,
And Brutus is a real cool cat.
You all dug that bit at the Lupercal scene
Three times I bugged him with the king's lid
And three times he hung me up. Was this big eyes?
Yet Brutus pegs him with big eyes
And Brutus is a real cool cat.
I don't want to double-O what Brutus gummed
But, like, I only dig what comes on straight.
You all got a charge out of him once,
So why don't you cry the blues for him?
Man! You are real nowhere,
You don't make it anymore. Don't cut out on me
My guts are on the pad there with Caesar,
And I gotta stop swinging till they round-trip.

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VANIA DEL BORGO

Perhaps the most important book published in 1987, in terms of laying bare the principles that inform U.S. foreign policy, is a collection of lectures by

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Noam Chomsky titled *On Power and Ideology* (South End Press, $8). In the year that brought us the Tower commission report and the report of the Congressional Iran/*contra* committees, Chomsky's rigorous exposition of history reminds us that the logic of U.S. foreign policy is really quite simple: "to guarantee the freedom to rob and to exploit."

To judge by its cover—which is reminiscent of the Beatles' groundbreaking *Sgt. Pepper* album sleeve—Alexander Cockburn's *Corruptions of Empire* (Verso, $22.95) promises the very best of his incisive reportage and biting wit. A collection of his writings spanning eleven years, *Corruptions* is a bona fide fist-clenching classic.

Published in 1983, but equally instructive in the ways of empire, Ralph Miliband's *Class Power and State Power* (Verso, $10.95 paper) is well worth considering as 1987 comes to a close. Exhaustive but always readable, Miliband's essays ambitiously attempt to come to terms with the state of socialism by way of a dialogue with contemporary theorists of Marxism.

Zooming back in time to 1932, William Faulkner's *Light in August* provided hours of memorable pleasure last summer. Reading it I experienced that strange and rare combination of impulses—to devour the book in one sitting but also to make it last, slowly savoring it over time. Its theme of betrayed youth brings to mind two favorite films of this year: Lasse Hallström's *My Life as a Dog* and David Leland's *Wish You Were Here*.

DANIEL SINGER

Among the recent publications about *perestroika* and all that, the book that taught me most about the problems facing Mikhail Gorbachev was one that deals with the Soviet Union during the last war. K.S. Karol's *Between Two Worlds* (New Republic Books, $19.95) details the life of a young Pole in Russia between 1939 and 1946. You may know the author, a prominent Paris journalist, for his books on Cuba and China, but this is a different sort of work, since it is based on reminiscences of his adolescence. You thus get the peregrinations of an innocent abroad, who is first an assistant to a political commissar in the Red Army, then a bewildered and dazed inmate of the Gulag and finally a student in war-ravaged Rostov, where he learns that socialism in the Soviet Union is not what he had dreamt of. But you also get the journey of a charmer, a born storyteller capable of weaving Tolstoy's Natasha into the narrative of the Count of Monte Cristo for the pleasure of his prison audience; you get the story of an almost-child growing into a man, discovering love and friendship amid his Soviet contemporaries, particularly the Cossacks from the Don.

Using himself and a few other individuals such as Klava, his wife, who could not follow him abroad, or Kola, his best companion in the Air Force and in civilian life, Karol has drawn a portrait of a whole generation. The portrait is painted against the background of a Soviet Union that is neither an evil empire nor a socialist paradise but a real country full of paradoxes and contradictions. After having earned money through a black-market deal to supplement their starvation-level student grants, youthful war veterans drink vodka in a crowded Rostov room and passionately debate justice and equality in the future socialist society: "The collectivity didn't care a fig about our individual interests and we repaid it fully in kind." The contradictions of yesterday give a good idea of the problems and possibilities of tomorrow. This moving tale of an adolescent coming of age in a country torn by war, who sheds his illusions without losing his principles, reads like fiction but tells us more than any sociological study.

STUART KLAWANS

Finding a poem by Charles Bukowski in the small press is easy enough. In fact, it's like finding a Republican in Orange County, New York. Finding the good Bukowski poems is more of a task; and selecting just one to make the best case for him is a challenge requiring not merely stamina but subtlety and refinement as well. These latter qualities, though not usually associated with the poet at hand, belong in abundance to the anthologists Morty Sklar and Mary Biggs, who present Bukowski and 118 other contributors to best advantage in *Editor's Choice II: Fiction, Poetry & Art from the U.S. Small Press* (The Spirit That Moves Us Press, Box 1585, Iowa City, IA 52244; $17.50; $11.50 paper).

Since I, too, spend time sifting through the small press, I rush to express my admiration for Sklar and Biggs. Instead of offering a best-of anthology—a dubious claim in most instances, an absurd one here—they have developed a self-portrait of the small press by going to the

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publications themselves. Some 500 small-press editors sent in pieces from the years 1978 to 1983; Sklar and Biggs then cut down the submissions to an eclectic but manageable list. Since it's impossible to summarize the contributors, who range from the celebrated to the barely known, or to reduce their work to a trend, let a few statistics do the job. There are sixty-six poems, seventeen works of fiction and twenty-nine artworks here, from 101 presses and magazines. If the people on your gift list can't find *something* to like in all this, just turn the volume back up on their TVs and close the door as you leave.

ARTHUR C. DANTO

I must defer to a less frantic season a sustained meditation on the work of Saul Steinberg, our most gifted visual thinker, but I cannot allow his striking exhibition, at the Pace Gallery, to pass uncelebrated. I especially admired the large drawings of battlers, reminiscent of the great drawing by Antonio Pollaiuolo of naked men fighting. If you have reservations about Steinberg's stature as an artist, you might compare Raphael's inferior effort to deal with the same theme, still on view at the Pierpont Morgan Library's exhibition of his drawings. It is a show full of menace and joy.

The Aztecs are not much on our minds at this time of year, but, as this is a season of generosity, we must acknowledge the importance of their decorative motifs in the skyscrapers that form the background of carolers in midtown. Aztec impulses, thus, directly and indirectly, link two sculptors whose work I came to esteem this year: Brian Nissen, whose dense monumental bronzes, at the Galeria Joan Prats, could be compacted into altars or enlarged into architectures; and Alastair Noble, whose sleek, eccentrically art-deco forms have the air of architectural ornaments waiting for a suitable structure to embellish. Of stainless steel and copper, enlivened by video screens, which stand proxy for turbulent water, they are destined for fountainhood.

I have no Yule peg on which to hang my thoughts about the paintings of Norman Toynton, which disjoin and then rejoin the traditional components of paintings in works that combine severity and an endearing mess, nor the abstractions of Sharon Gold I saw at the Dia Art Foundation, in which she enhances the unwieldy vortices to which she has turned her mind with glazes that give them an almost lacquered depth. They radiate a glow that warms the memory. At that same location in Bridgehampton my breath was taken away by a complex installation of the fluorescent compositions of Dan Flavin, luminous in fact and spirit, an altar space for secular souls that might still long for a sacral experience.

THOMAS M. DISCH

In Dickens's time, the holiday season was a traditional occasion for the appearance of ghostly tales, and this Christmas there is simply no competition in that category. Toni Morrison's *Beloved* (Alfred A. Knopf, $18.95) is one of the best ghost stories ever written. Some critics have been uneasy with this very excellence, having a theoretical conviction that high art and high seriousness can't consort with supernatural doings or a melodramatic grand manner. Tell that to Shakespeare.

John Crowley's *Aegypt* (Bantam, $17.95), however, is my choice for the best grand-manner novel of the last many years. Indeed, as with his earlier *Little, Big*, Crowley's art is large enough to inhabit the same imaginative universe as Shakespeare's (the Bard appears in *Aegypt* in a bit part). The complexity of the novel's double time scheme (contemporary rural America/Renaissance England and Italy) defies synopsis. Beyond its sheer abundance of mimetic pleasures, the book's most considerable accomplishment is that it treats the usual themes of popular "New Age" superstition (astrology, psychic phenomena, et al.) in a manner that is both intellectually stringent and imaginatively thrilling. It is also, like *Beloved*, a book that leaves a good taste in your soul.

DAVID CORN

A must on the good citizen's holiday reading list should be the *Report of the Congressional Committees Investigating the Iran-Contra Affair* ($29 at a government bookstore near you; a cheaper, commercial edition might be out soon). One can carp about the committees' investigation and its many failings, but the majority report—unusually well-written for a government publication—lets the reader peer through the keyhole into the murky, unconstitutional world of Ollie North and Ronald Reagan.

To understand another set of self-righteous zealots, turn to Polish journalist Teresa Toranska's *Them* (Harper & Row, $22.95). This series of interviews (or, often, debates) with high officials of Stalinist Poland offers a gripping account of how ideals are perverted and how totalitarian bureaucrats justify their actions.

To escape the zealots, head toward the murderers, rogues, con men and con women of Jim Thompson's novels. The Berkeley-based Creative Arts Book Company has had the good sense to reissue his *romans noirs* over the past few years as part of its Black Lizard Books series. The most recent title is *Cropper's Cabin*. With their campy, dime-store-novel covers, these paperbacks look like trashy crime fiction. Maybe they are. But Thompson's bite and clean-cut prose put Hammett and Chandler to shame. Thompson, who wrote his best stuff in the 1950s, trades in pathos and tormented protagonists. He probes the psychopaths among us—the quiet, nice boy in the bakery who turns out to be a vicious killer (*Savage Night*), the swindler mom who murders her con-man son for some cash (*The Grifters*). At $3.95 a pop, they're cheap stocking stuffers.

On the music front, stick with Thompson, for the title of one of his novels, *The Killer Inside Me*, has been stolen by Green on Red, the L.A. country-tainted garage/bar rock band, for its most recent album (Polygram). These guys are compassionate, urban rednecks, who play rock music designed for drinking beer and getting pissed off at life's injustices. We need more of that. For a truer political project, there's The Washington Squares' debut bearing the group's name (Gold Castle Records). Punksters turned folkies, these two guys and a gal—yeah, with berets, shades and bongos—bring Peter, Paul and Mary into the 1980s. The combination of original material, revved up traditional folk tunes and a Polish union song works. For those accustomed to his gravel voice and eclectic musical tastes, Tom Waits's *Franks Wild Years* (Island) is the pick hit. This celebrant of the down and out continues to find intriguing sounds to support his throaty, Kerouac-like odes to those who are trapped in cheesy, smoke-filled lounges or who have left their dreams in the pawnshop.

GENE SANTORO

This has been the year of the totalitarian list. Allan Bloom and E.D. Hirsch have put essential culture in alphabetical

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order. The media have put the Bloom and Hirsch books on their lists of best sellers. I don't claim anything so grandiose for this list but it might bring some comfort to the Christmas shopper. So I've separated the music recommended here into four categories: records I haven't written about in this space, records I have, reissues on compact disc and reissues on LP. Each choice is justified only by the fact that it has repeatedly found its way onto my stereo since being released this year. The items are ordered alphabetically.

NOT PREVIOUSLY WRITTEN ABOUT HERE: Bass Desires' *Second Sight* (ECM). Prowling in the regions between John Coltrane and the Grateful Dead, this burning quartet creates a loose-limbed and exuberant interplay over solid tunes.

Tim Berne's *Fulton Street Maul* (Columbia). About as far from New Age yuppie pap as you can get: gnarled, nerve-jangling, slashing textures from sax, cello, guitar and drums.

Boyoyo Boys' *Back in Town* (Rounder). Up, up, up. These guys—bass, drums, guitar, sax—move like a South African Booker T and the MGs, weaving dexterous lines around one another with a confident, good-natured bounce.

Buckwheat Zydeco's *On a Night Like This* (Island). He learned the catchy feel of zydeco by playing with Clifton Chenier; now he's opening it up with material from the Blasters and the MGs.

Terence Trent D'Arby's *Introducing the Hard Line According to Terence Trent D'Arby* (Columbia). D'Arby can sing anything from Sam Cooke to the O'Jays to Prince, has astonishing and confident control over his vocal nuances and writes terrific tunes that range from gospelly to near-industrial slag.

The db's *The Sound of Music* (I.R.S.). Peter Holsapple's songs are getting more and more interesting—witness the ditty called "Working for Somebody Else" or the tongue-in-cheek "Bonneville"—and the group blends garbage-band raunch with wit.

Neville Brothers' *Uptown* (EMI America). These Crescent City mainstays offer voices that blend into a seamless texture without surrendering their individuality and the rollicking beats, which range from second-line struts to rocky funk.

Lenny Pickett With the Borneo Horns (Carthage). Steve Reich scoring James Brown's horns with nods to Bach, hocket singing, pygmy chants and Ornette Coleman? Precisely subdivided beats and spiraling, unparallel melodies attacked with a burly vengeance.

Daniel Ponce's *Arawe* (Antilles/New Directions). Master percussionist Ponce hooks his insistent Caribbean rhythms up to a provocative range of sounds.

Power Tools' *Strange Meeting* (Antilles/New Directions). A power trio like none you've ever heard, from raging noise to nuanced melodies; industrial-strength experimentation.

Bobby Previte's *Pushing the Envelope* (Gramavision). From minimalistic inflections to all-out 1960s-style blowing, this odd-voiced unit packs good material and a terrific wallop.

Sly and Robbie's *Rhythm Killers* (Island). *The* reggae rhythm section corrals top-notch players to thread through long, driving meditations a riot of sounds from Beethoven to Hendrix.

Michelle Rosewoman's *Quintessence* (enja). Angular tunes, suspenseful arrangements and top-seeded younger players come together under one of the best new jazz leaders.

Salif Keita's *Soro* (Mango). Afro-pop via Paris, where some of the most fascinating hybrids are crossed; his voice is simultaneously raw and supple, and the music rollicks and roils.

Sonic Youth's *Sister* (SST). Loud, nerve-shredding guitars—tuned in all kinds of inventive ways to maximize your discomfort with overtones—and introspective, often depressing lyrics. Moroccan music meets the Velvet Underground.

Sting's . . . *Nothing Like the Sun* (A&M). Like the Shakespearean sonnet which gives it its name, this album proceeds by piling up allusions, musical and verbal, into private and public identities it resolves at its finish.

Sun Ra Arkestra's *Reflections in Blue* (Black Saint). Blurry, boozy renditions of Jerome Kern and bouncy struts side by side, edgy, free blowing incorporated into swing-style charts.

This Is Soca (Sire). A two-record set, one David Rudder calypso, the other a compilation of some 1987 hits: humor, politics, opinions, news and an irresistible groove.

Tom Verlaine's *Flash Light* (I.R.S.) Barbed, ironic lyrics float nasally over huge two-and-four snaps, rolling bass and a platoon of skewed guitars whose jagged, interlocking parts fire off-beats at your heart, head and feet.

PREVIOUSLY WRITTEN ABOUT HERE: Geri Allen and Open On All Sides' *In the Middle* (Minor Music). Keyboardist/composer Allen swirls together sounds from the Caribbean, synthesizer washes, tap dancing, and muscular be-bop and modally based horn improvisations.

American Jazz Orchestra/Benny Carter's *Central City Sketches* (Musicmasters). Satin-smooth and has a kick. At once a tribute to Carter's compositions, charts and playing and this band's valiant efforts to preserve and extend the big-band heritage.

Joe King Carrasco y Las Coronas's *Bandido Rock* (Rounder). Loud, raunchy, political and irreverent, this Tex-Mex garage band attacks the U.S. subversion of indigenous Latin American politics between belts of Lone Star beer and party fever.

John Carter's *Dance of the Love Ghosts* (Gramavision). Continuing last year's *Castles of Ghana*, this LP illustrates the effects of the slave trade on West Africa by way of Ashanti chants and synthesizer sounds, prodigious inventiveness and stellar playing.

John Cephas and Phil Wiggins's *Dog Days of August* (Flying Fish). This Piedmont-style blues duo follows in the musical footsteps of Sonny Terry and Brownie McGhee, factoring in their own rich and evocative twists.

Eric Clapton's *August* (Warner Brothers). This blend of white-hot, Motown-inspired dance beats and wrenching bluesy wails on vocals and guitar is stamped "urgent" on every track.

Ornette Coleman's *In All Languages* (Caravan of Dreams). A double LP (or single CD), one half with the "legendary quartet" of the 1950s, the other with harmolodic funksters Prime Time. Listening to how those two units attack some of the same tunes alone is worth the price of admission.

Kid Creole and the Coconuts' *I, Too, Have Seen the Woods* (Sire). A blend of Cotton Club revues, Cole Porter's subtle banter and Latin rhythms, Liberace's self-conscious decadence and chic, with bits from Bo Diddley and the Beatles and some slyly insinuated political bite.

Golden Palominos' *blast of silence* (Celluloid). Psychedelic folk-rock, vintage late 1960s, back-dated and updated through a host of influential rock and roll sounds and a post-punk scorched sensibility.

Craig Harris and the Tailgater's Tales' *Shelter* (JMT). For this musical documentation of the homeless, trombonist Harris and his quintet muscle through tunes and charts so well written they swell beyond their numbers.

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Tirez Tirez's *Social Responsibility* (PMRC/I.R.S.). Mikel Rouse's precision-drill arrangements and imagistic critiques of U.S. immigration policy, proxy wars and environmental problems.

Henry Threadgill Sextett's *You Know the Number* (RCA/Novus) and New Air's *Air Show No. 1* (Black Saint). Simply one of the best players, writers, arrangers and bandleaders on the scene, multi-reed man Threadgill leads several groups; here are two. The trio New Air adds Cassandra Wilson's adroit vocals, which take apart Ella Fitzgerald renditions of Cole Porter, while the seven-member Sextett reformulates big-band idioms in noir-ish dirges, Stravinsky celebrations and gutbucket blues.

World Saxophone Quartet's *Plays Duke Ellington* (Nonesuch). More than just a homage, these reworked renditions of masterpieces by Duke and Strayhorn boast seamlessly integrated section work and some unexpected spins.

John Zorn's *Spillane* (Nonesuch) and The Sonny Clark Memorial Quartet (Black Saint). Two of the antic saxist/composer's many sides. *Spillane* jump-cuts through music from around the globe to create a chameleonic, kinetic pastiche. The quartet is a stunning updated tribute to Clark.

REISSUES ON CD: The Beatles' *Sgt. Pepper* and *White Album* (both Capitol). It may have been twenty years ago, but some very judicious digital remixing demonstrates how these guys and George Martin anticipated modern pop production techniques.

John Coltrane's *My Favorite Things* (Atlantic) and *Impressions* (MCA/Impulse!). Two seminal Trane records that are still seminal. The Atlantic disc is more be-bop/modal, while the MCA/Impulse! blows outside into freedom.

Eric Dolphy's *Outward Bound* (Original Jazz Classics) and *Last Date* (Fontana). One of the 1960s giants who shook jazz out of its frenetic be-bop maze-running via his rich-voiced reeds.

Duke Ellington's *The Private Collection*, Vols. 1-5 (LMR), *Uptown* (Columbia Jazz Masterpieces), . . . *And His Mother Called Him Bill* (RCA/Bluebird). The first is a five-CD set (available individually) of outstanding, previously unreleased studio and live dates from the 1950s and 1960s—like being let into the maestro's workroom. *Uptown* is a long-out-of-print pinnacle of later Duke. The last reissue is a classic enhanced with a few previously unreleased takes.

Ella Fitzgerald's *The Cole Porter Songbook*, Vols. 1 and 2 and *Ella in Berlin/Mack the Knife* (both Verve). The sound is fine, the material tailor-made, the singer at her peak.

Benny Goodman and his Orchestra's *Sing, Sing, Sing* (RCA/Bluebird). Basic, basic, basic; one of the great swing organizations during a creative period.

Heartbeat Reggae (Rykodisc). Cool runnin', mon. A terrific collection of ace spliff men, and the sound is magnificent—especially important on these innovative mixes.

Jimi Hendrix's *Electric Ladyland* (Reprise) and *Live at Winterland* (Rykodisc). The man who reinvented the electric guitar in his image and, in the process, changed the shape of rock and roll. The first is an excellent transfer of his most ambitious studio album; the second a never-before-issued (in this form) concert from his peak.

Wayne Horvitz's *This New Generation* (Elektra Musician). Another talented downtown musician/composer who shreds musical idioms—the MGs meet talking drums and synth koto, anyone?—to invent his own, as this compilation demonstrates.

Keith Jarrett's *The Koln Concert* (ECM). When ECM first issued this, CDs only held sixty minutes' worth of music, so the encore was lopped off; it's back now, and it all shines.

Louisiana Scrapbook (Rykodisc). A fantastic bayou compilation of folks like Beausoleil, James Booker, the Dirty Dozen Brass Band and Irma Thomas.

Charles Mingus's *Mingus Revisited* (PolyGram). He reorganized the Big Band concept in ways that are still reverberating; here he is bristling with invention and leading brilliant musicians.

Thelonious Monk's *Monk Plays Ellington* (Fantasy). Nothing beats hearing one master tackle the work of another; when it's Monk reading Duke, you're gonna learn more than you can imagine.

Balkana: The Music of Bulgaria (Hannibal). One of the flashpoints where Eastern and Western musics collide, Bulgaria has an eerie, haunting vocal tradition that these choral settings capture beautifully.

The Sextet of Orchestra USA's *Theatre Music of Kurt Weill* (RCA/Bluebird). With folks like Dolphy and pianist John Lewis on board, you know this is gonna swing. Long out of print.

The Oscar Peterson Trio with Milt Jackson's *Very Tall* (Verve). Two middle-of-the-road masters meet and strike sparks over standards without ever sacrificing lyricism or strength of ideas to the rush of invention.

Steve Reich's *Drumming* (Elektra/Nonesuch). If you ain't heard it on CD, you ain't heard it.

The Rolling Stones' *Beggars Banquet* (Abkco) and *Exile on Main Street* (Rolling Stones Records). The way you want them—at the pinnacle of their raunchiest period, when Godard was building leftist epics around their recording sessions and people took politics to the streets to the beat of their anthems.

REISSUES ON LP: Chuck Berry's *Berry Is On Top* and *Rockin' at the Hops* (both MCA/Chess). The best of the man's staggering collection of hits in their original LP settings.

Art Blakey and the Jazz Messengers' *Moanin'* and *Live At The Cafe Bohemia*, Vols. 1 and 2 (both Blue Note). The dean of hard bop's College Of Musical Knowledge with two of his earliest and best student lineups. This stuff wails and burns.

Clifton Chenier's *Sings the Blues* (Arhoolie). Great 1969 sessions from the man who amalgamated zydeco out of blues and the bayou.

Sonny Clark's *Cool Struttin'* (Blue Note). The title encapsulates the special quality Clark brought to everything as he stretched from be-bop to gospel.

Duke Ellington's *Money Jungle* (Blue Note). With Mingus on bass and Max Roach on drums, would *you* pass this up?

Howlin' Wolf's *Moanin' in the Midnight* (MCA/Chess). A voice like a rampaging chain saw and a show stopper's sense of drama made Wolf a key shaper of the electric Chicago blues.

Freddy (Freddie) King's *Just Pickin'* (Modern Blues Recordings). Both his aching voice and his aching guitar cut deep into pain without overplaying; he probes right where it hurts, without histrionics.

Oscar Levant's *Levant Plays Gershwin* (CBS). Levant knew how to get into the music and inject some much-needed astringency.

Lonnie Mack's *The Wham of That Memphis Man!* (Alligator). Like Link Wray, Mack broke electric rock guitar through into gritty new sonic realms with these early 1960s sides.

Mbube Roots: Zulu Choral Music From South Africa, 1930s-1960s (Rounder). The tradition that became *isicathamiya*, whence Ladysmith Black Mambazo's exquisite, powerful chorales.

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A History of New Orleans Rhythm & Blues, Vols. 1-3 (Rhino). A first-rate survey of the early days of Crescent City funk that brought stuttering beats, smokestack saxes and a warm sense of whimsical wordplay into rock and roll.

RCA Victor Blues and Rhythm Revue (RCA). Not a greatest hits collection, this one digs into the background for some of the more obscure gems of the late 1940s and early 1950s.

Sun Ra Arkestra's *Sunrise in Different Directions* (hat ART). Puts together the free and the formally structured Ra for mutual illumination.

Ritchie Valens's *Ritchie Valens* (Rhino). His pinched vocals, surfy guitar, clanky Danelectro six-string bass and sock-hop back-beat created a sound that has fueled garage bands—and thus rock and roll—for the last three decades.

Muddy Waters's *Folk Singer* (MCA/Chess). Not the stinging electric blues he molded into his terrifying mojo, this disc pairs Muddy with then-fledgling guitar great Buddy Guy for a series of intense acoustic duos behind that resonant voice.

GRACE SCHULMAN

Among the year's best books are collections by current masters of American poetry, all of diverse styles, manners and persuasions, some single volumes, others representing lifetime achievements. I can't list them all, so rich the harvest, so short the space, but here are a few of my favorites:

From Princeton One Autumn Afternoon: Collected Poems of Theodore Weiss, 1950–1986 (Macmillan, $27.50). This generous volume begins with a dazzling new sequence, the title poem, which is concerned with the Old Masters who never signed their works and yet achieved immortality. The poet's speculations on the value of names lead to a meditation on life in our time—political, social and aesthetic.

In Other Words, by May Swenson (Knopf, $16.95). Another of our best living writers, May Swenson sees the natural world with startling precision and, at the same time, endows it with magical radiance. She writes, for example, of "the gecko's neck/of urgent orange, a bubble he inflates until transparent,/then flattens, lets collapse." No other poet moves me as she does with her apprehension of common things, in which she discloses sacred presences. Her voice is a powerful blend of elegance, immediacy and laconic Midwestern speech.

The Sunset Maker: Poems/Stories/A Memoir, by Donald Justice (Atheneum, $16; $8 paper). Although some of the individual poems here appeared in *The Nation*, I must praise this book in its entirety. Donald Justice writes with unobtrusive skill, whether in villanelles, quatrains or freer forms. He presents an America he does not want to lose, from the "immense pale houses" of Cambridge to a South that "has only to be tragic to beguile," often using present life to evoke scenes from memory, all of them tactile, intriguing, new.

The Sisters: New and Selected Poems, by Josephine Jacobsen (The Bench Press, $18; $9 paper). Josephine Jacobsen writes masterfully, consistently and better every year. She has a superb narrative gift and she sketches the people of her world with originality, inventiveness and rare intelligence. She writes in "The Chinese Insomniacs" (one of my favorite of her poems):

> A date is only a mark
> on paper—it has little to do
> with what is long.
> It is good to have their company
> tonight: a lady, awake
> until birdsong;
> a gentleman who made
> poems later out of fragments of the dark.

New and Selected Poems, by Edward Field (Sheep Meadow, $15.95; $9.95 paper). Edward Field is an unacknowledged master. Whether lyrical or deliberately flat, his poems are outrageous, even cantankerous at times, but always genuine.

EDWARD SAID

Exceptional performances of classical music during the past several months include: Maurizio Pollini's five Beethoven concerti, with Claudio Abbado and the Vienna Philharmonic; Seiji Ozawa and the Boston Symphony Orchestra in the premiere of Hans Werner Henze's remarkable Seventh Symphony; a transfigured performance of *Die Walküre* at the Met, with James Levine and Jeannine Altmeyer in rare form, Hans Sotin as a decent, comprehensible Wotan and Gary Lakes as a stentorian Siegmund. (This year's *Das Rheingold*, though tentative and uninflected, is an important addition, given that the Italian repertoire is falling in ruins around the Luddite Met administration.) There was also wonderful pianism from Mitsku Uchida and Richard Goode, and a passable but nevertheless welcome performance of *The*

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Rake's Progress at the City Opera, performed a disgracefully stingy four times.

Recent books of importance and amusement: Alexander Cockburn's scintillating *Corruptions of Empire* (Verso, $22.95); Peter Dews's brilliant *Logics of Disintegration: Post-Structuralist Thought and the Claims of Critical Theory* (also Verso, $39.95; $13.95 paper); Philip Roth's *The Counterlife* (Farrar, Straus & Giroux, $18.95), with its devastating and funny West Bank scenes, which should be read together with Simha Flapan's extraordinary *The Birth of Israel* (Pantheon, $18.95); C.L.R. James's latest *Cricket* collection (Allison and Busby, $19.95; $12.95 paper), a special taste but magnificent anyway; Richard Poirier's *The Renewal of Literature: Modernist Episodes and Emersonian Tradition* (Random House, $19.95), a work of unusual complexity and daring; and Martin Bernal's iconoclastic, massively learned *Black Athena: The Afroasiatic Roots of Classical Civilization*, Vol. 1, *The Fabrication of Ancient Greece, 1785–1985* (Rutgers University Press, $45; $15 paper).

JANE HOLTZ KAY

We are what we waste, and this was the year that more folks than ever came to realize that the built and natural environment of America is now a litterbox. The following awards, then—bouquets and brickbats, orchids and onions—for extreme acts on the environment: a clean and dirty dozen of the good, the bad and the beautiful of 1987.

Cache Register With Empty Drawer: While developers pave over urban neighborhoods, the Democratic National Committee laid out the yellow brick road to a colossus of the breed, and a Republican to boot. Realtor Donald ("deals are my art form") Trump, busily engaged in walling off New York City's West Side, declined the Committee's invitation to head a fund drive. The members of the so-called party of the people, who once wanted to shelter the ill-housed, made it obvious that they prefer to nestle golden bricks and tainted bucks under their roof these days.

Golden Hackles for Foot in Mouth: Theme parks and historic houses multiply but museum-building, American-style, got its most bizarre suggestion from Park Service director William Penn Mott Jr. this summer. Speaking at a preservation conference in Coronado, California, Mott proposed a Museum of Slavery. Although Mott conceded that slavery is something to be ashamed of, he suggested that there be a national park that addresses its positive side. National parks on sweat shops and drug culture might still be too controversial to build for Mott, but, after all, slavery ended one hundred years ago and, besides, according to the park-maker, slavery wasn't all bad.

Star of Light With Burning Bulbs: Illumination is the purest form of flattery, so it's cause to cheer that landmarks and monuments have come alight across the night landscape. Communities and architects and engineers have crowned towers in countless downtowns and shed new light on everything from Cleveland's bridges to Vermont's capitol. This year, the beauties of Philadelphia's Benjamin Franklin bridge shone after dark and the Golden Gate also became a twenty-four-hour sight for its fiftieth birthday, courtesy of General Electric. On next year's agenda: Mt. Rushmore and the Washington Monument.

Poison Oak Leaf Cluster: However deadly the weaponry of the Defense Department may be to the future of the planet, its current contribution of toxic wastes is nothing to sniff at. This year some thirty-six sites achieved the dubious distinction of being places on the Environmental Protection Agency's Superfund list of super offenders.

Lucky Ducky Ribbon With Feather: One of the most famous feathered friends in the contemporary history of architecture escaped from the endangered-species list this year. The so-called Big Duck in Flanders, Long Island, a 47-year-old roadside favorite made famous by architect Robert Venturi, became a landmark. The pop icon, which languished after its life as a highway eatery, is now a lasting testament to vernacular architecture.

Certificate for Cosmetic Surgery: It's already face-lift time for young buildings. Such curtain-wall concoctions as the Sears Tower in Chicago, the world's tallest building, barely made it past adolescence before restoration was in order so that passersby could find the door. This year, it's a $27 million makeover for Detroit's Renaissance Center. Sponsored by Henry Ford and designed by John Portman after the 1977 riots, Motown's glossy, glassy structure was a virtual urban island shaped to prevent hostile takeover. The current surgery will open the front door and try to connect the fortress to the city.

Piggy Bank With Laurel Wreath: The so-called debt swap whereby Bolivia agreed to rope off more than 4 million acres of tropical habitat as conservation land in return for the reduction of its $2.6 billion foreign debt was executed this year under the auspices of Conservation International. This is truly a rainbow over the world's threatened rain forests and a good model for other countries in the region.

Gilded Tape Measure for Limits to Growth: More and more voters are backing no growth, planned growth or moderate growth this year. San Francisco, which started what the Urban Land Institute calls "the slow-growth gusto," has company, researchers reported. In studies released recently, Population-Environment Balance Inc. logged in 128 jurisdictions that have placed limits on development, and researchers at the University of California, Los Angeles, recorded twenty-eight down-zoning or restraining measures adopted in last year's ballots in California, making a total of 197 such moves in fifteen years.

Stonewall for Superfluous Sculpture: Breathes there a town with soul so dead that never to itself has said, Let's make amends with a Vietnam Memorial? The result in this era of impoverished public art is a dross of commemorative statuary dropped in prominent places. In Bridgeport, Connecticut, Kansas City and Boston this sentimental clutter despoils the landscape. Grim, black rock replays of Washington's soul-stirring monument, the memorials dishonor this model—and the war.

Silver Thermostat for Climate Control: The rains of public opinion finally washed away some of the development blues in Manhattan, as the proposed Coliseum was defeated by a cross-section of the city's citizens. One can only hope the court verdict will curtail such make-a-deal swaps and structures across the country.

Bless This Houseless Society Citation: While tent cities and homeless citizens abound, consumer America has managed to shelter its feathered friends with luxury to the hindmost (so to speak). Three-decker birdhouses abound in the architecture and shelter magazines this year—pick gothic, modern or neo-classic design for your backyard. So what if the Senate dismissed a $30.6 billion housing bill as a "budget buster" last month, our well-housed winged brethren will thrive in the new year.

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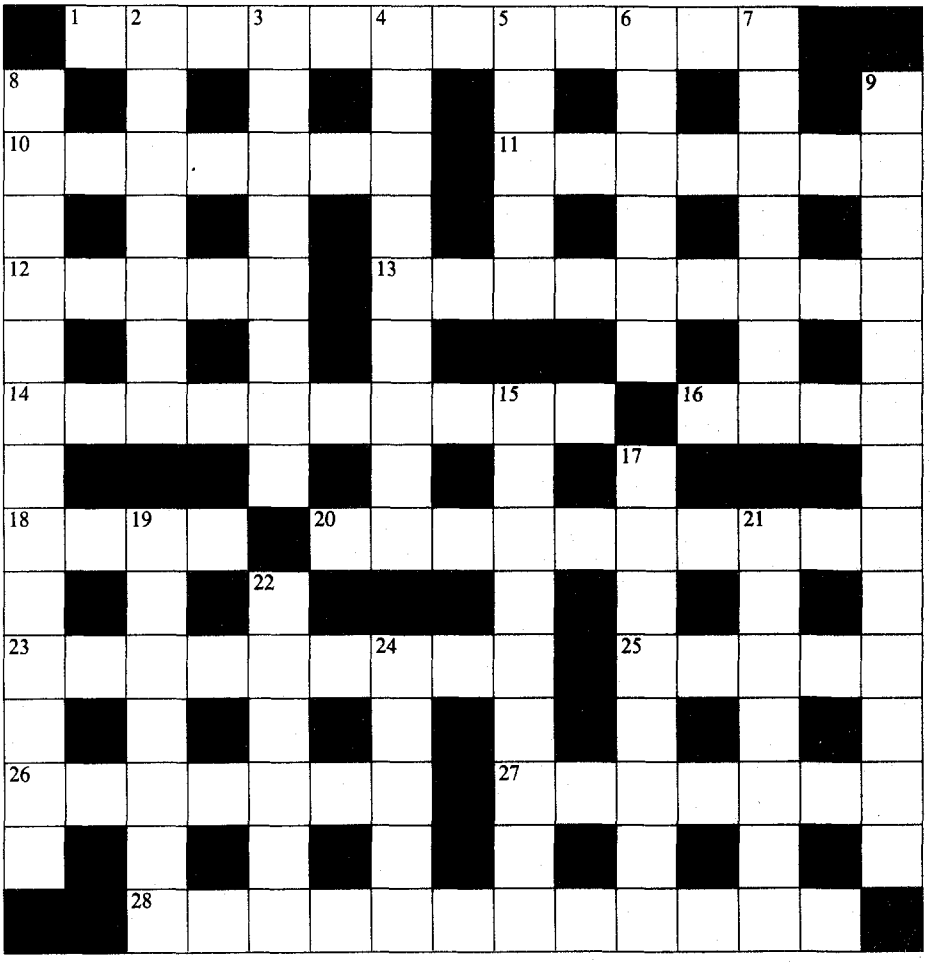

ACROSS

1 It takes a mile, roughly, speaking of improvement. (12)
10 Hot-head goes on to starve when in a bad way—despite the gathering in. (7)
11 Turner, reputedly religious. (7)
12 Ruled by the head man, as they say. (5)
13 The base's dupe—or that upon which one might sit. (9)
14 Star quality, perhaps. (10)
16 Forster's room had one. (4)
18 What Jason sailed in, the load losing a number at first. (4)
20 To exist deep down with packs of space in the hold. (5,5)
23 Neatly tucked away, being put in light holders. (9)
25 Feel unhappy because no rum has been distilled? (5)
26 More like the night-crawler catcher. (7)
27 Directional sign between two points, such as one finds in New York Bay. (7)
28 What Willie of song did when very young? (3,4,1,4)

DOWN

2 In a way, what Yankee Doodle called it, loses a figure of invention. (7)
3 Rest quietly, but continue to stretch things. (3,5)
4 Having exhausted the names in the little black book, is one passé? (3,2,4)
5 Set, partly, with sound potentials. (5)
6 Where Moses was found might imply the morning subway scene, rather than the 5 o'clock jam. (6)
7 In Africa a rainstorm precedes what might be found around the Japanese. (7)
8 March awkwardly, with a couple to allow what might hang from the wrist. (5,8)
9 It is also a idiot, according to Bumble, but modern allusion corrects the grammar. (3,3,2,2,3)
15 Impede the progress of the ball by doing sort of a shuffle? (4,5)
17 Modern woman does not appreciate the allusion, but it could be the first mate's teasing. (5,3)
19 Sounds like a fuel legerdemain is related to the stomach. (7)
21 A unit of charge has befuddled Lou in the bee's nest. (7)
22 With, as the Germans say, rather arch surroundings, as a matter of civility. (6)
24 A phony bird comes up with a soldier and a dog. (5)

SEE LAST WEEK'S SOLUTION AT LEFT

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INTELLECTUALS AND RELIGION

Recently *The New York Times Magazine* carried an article on the "return to religion" among intellectuals. From Harvard to Berkeley, among both professors and students, and amid inquisitive people generally, there is an undeniable renewal of interest in the questions traditional religion raises and seeks to answer. This interest is largely a result of the failures of secular substitutes for religion (such as rationalism, narcissism, technological utopianism, aestheticism, and extremist political ideologies) to give abidingly satisfying answers to the truly significant puzzles in life: goodness, suffering, love, death, and the meaning of it all.

By no means, however, does this religious reawakening entail falling into the suffocating arms of a Rev. Moon or a Jerry Falwell, or embracing the ersatz gods of dog-eat-dog individualism, consumerism, or America First, which we see celebrated all around us these days. Nor does the religious renaissance imply a retreat from working for peace and justice. Rather, there is an awareness that, in the words of Jean Bethke Elshtain, religious commitment "can help further social reform," and that religion can supply the ethical bedrock upon which to make political commitments which are far more solid than those based on passing ideologies and enthusiasms. Nor does the new openness to religion signify a hostility to science, but rather an appreciation of the limits of science and the dangers of pseudo-scientific messianisms.

The New York Times Magazine article discussed the NEW OXFORD REVIEW as part of this "return to religion," and rightly so. We at the NEW OXFORD REVIEW are spearheading today's intellectual fascination with what Daniel Bell terms "the sacred." We are particularly interested in exploring religious commitments which result in progressive social consequences, as exemplified by such giants as Dorothy Day, Archbishop Tutu, Dietrich Bonhoeffer, Lech Walesa, Martin Luther King Jr., Cesar Chavez, and Archbishop Romero. And we probe the literary riches offered by such greats as Ignazio Silone, Graham Greene, Thomas Merton, W.H. Auden, Flannery O'Connor, and T.S. Eliot.

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